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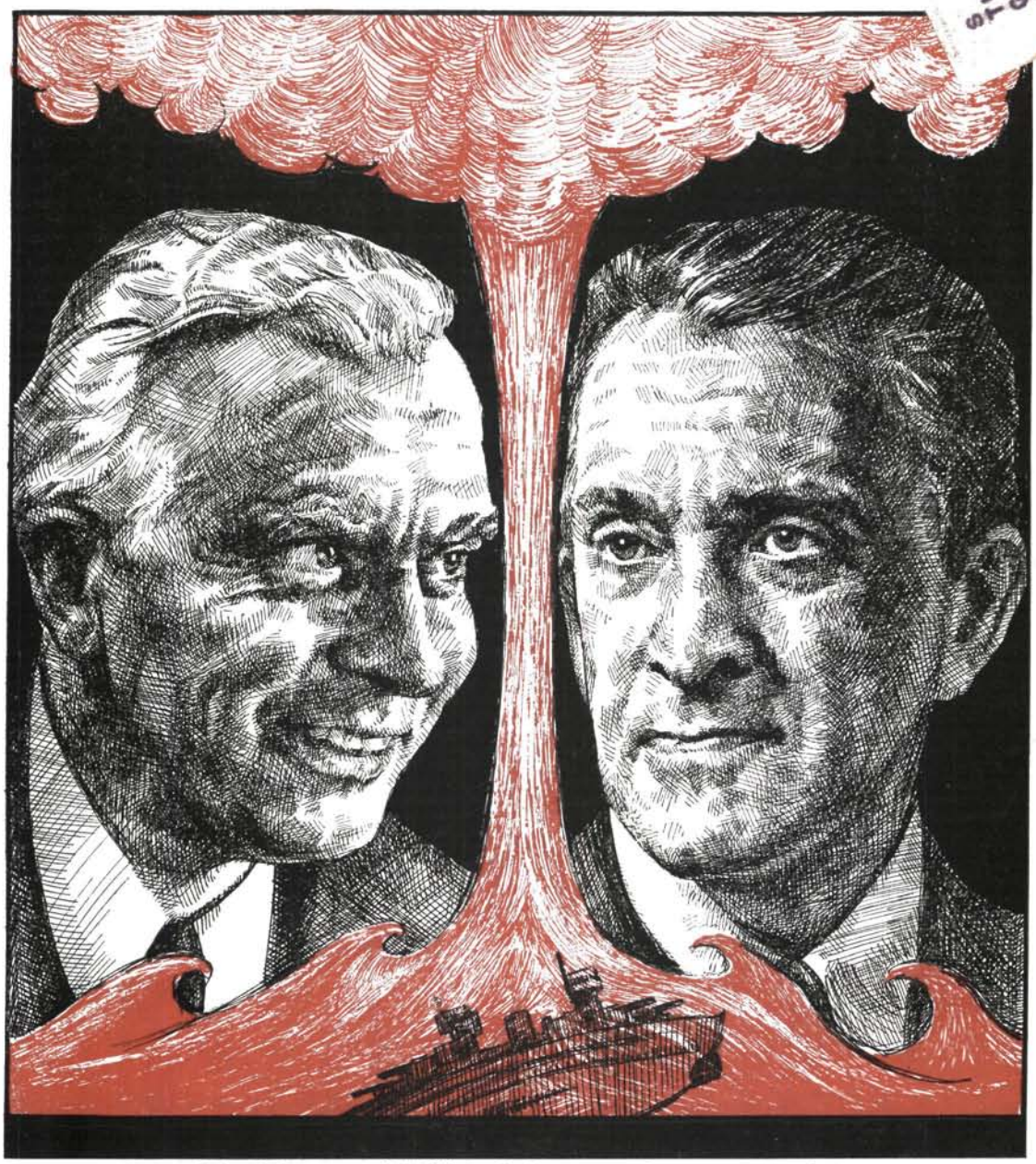

Leland Stowe and William L. Laurence *(See pages 7 and 8)*

In Quest of Mutual Understanding

By PAUL SCHRECKER

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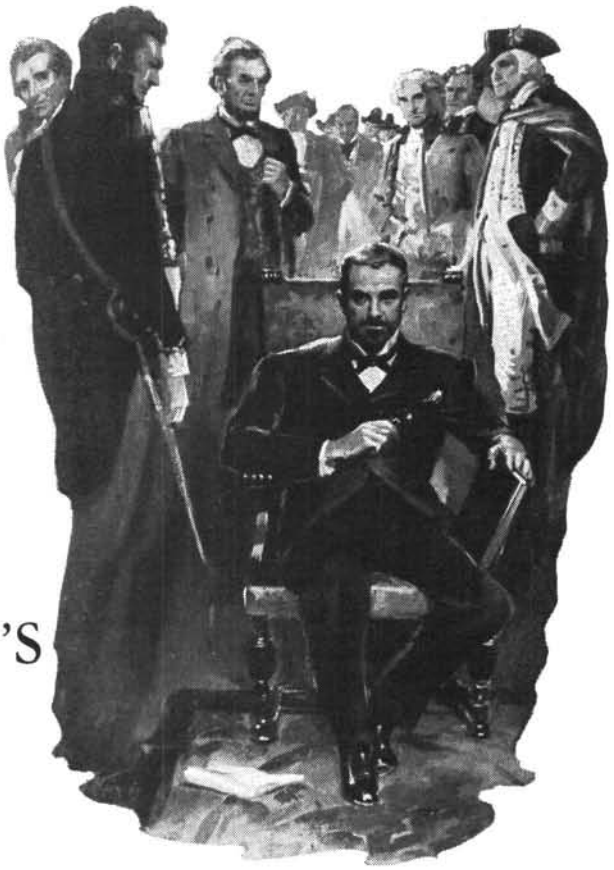

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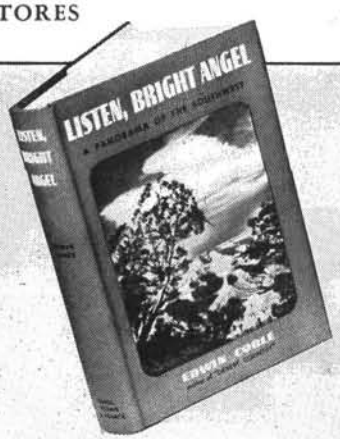

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The lonely business of being a human being . . .

SOMETIMES a book moves you with the dark and lonely wisdom of a folk saying. You may point a critical finger to say the plot is this or the characters are that, but it is the intangible spirit of the book that escapes defining. And the spirit of MANDRAKE ROOT by Janet Diebold is strange with this lonely wisdom — "the heart of another is a dark forest."

We can remember something of the same quality in other books we have read. MANDRAKE ROOT isn't the kind of thing you ever quite put your finger on. It's not mystical or out-of-the-world, but a finely-drawn piece of work with three dimensional characters and plot and the most intense kind of mental action. MANDRAKE ROOT is essentially a search into the dark forest of the human heart, but formal artistry is back of the pattern if you look for it.

Mrs. Diebold's setting is in rare agreement with the strange, dream-like spirit of her book. All of the action takes place in pre-war Denmark, most of it in a precise and civilized house set in the middle of a very real forest. These are the opening sentences:

> Joanna rode on her bicycle along the dimly starlit forest track. She felt the earth bare beneath her wheels. A few moments ago the ground had been padded with pine needles, for she had smelled the pine trees and sensed the softness. Now it was stripped, with a curious resilience.
>
> Above the rushing of the air as she rode, she heard the movement of great branches. She rode quickly, for she was lost and beginning to grow desperate. The dark forest about her seemed unreal yet endless, as if there were no world beyond this track between the midnight trees.

With these first words you are part of the pattern. And because Mrs. Diebold is a very talented writer indeed, you are generally able to see both trees and forest clearly. A great deal of sympathy is built up for the American girl, Joanna, who is unable to see the trees, and even for the Ambassador, retired Danish diplomat, who has stopped seeing the forest. Of the three main characters Jimmy Logan, young American student, is probably closest to the reader in his capacity to accept the present and shape a future with vitality enough to carry Joanna with him.

From the simple fact of two men and one woman you might put the plot with the "eternal triangles" except for the fact that the woman is not aware of any triangle. She is, as Jimmy Logan points out, a very proper "jeune fille" and almost to the very end of the book she does not know or will not recognize what is happening. But it is in the confused and fluid mind of Joanna that the brooding spirit of the dark forest is felt most strongly.

From the first the sensitive Joanna, the only woman in the seminar, finds herself in a difficult position. Motherless for most of her life, matured beyond her years by sharing her father's life, she is lost in spirit after his death. Denmark and research may provide the answer. Ambassador Torkelson's respect for her father, and his friendly formal interest in her seem to be journey's end. Gradually, however, Joanna is drawn into the mystery that surrounds the Ambassador. The villagers' gossip, the servants' silent obedience, the surliness of the other members of the seminar force on Joanna a doubt about the older man she aches to accept and respect. Jimmy Logan, forthright in his judgments and sincere in his admiration for Joanna, pits his will against the Ambassador and all he means to the young girl. Quietly, politely, the conflict grows, a struggle in which Joanna must choose sides.

Through all of MANDRAKE ROOT this tension mounts steadily, rarely acknowledged, often unrecognized by the three people concerned, but composed of passion and peril so closely allied that they can hardly be separated. An exceptionally talented young woman, Mrs. Diebold has written a first novel of remarkable impact and power. You can't put it on a shelf with red books or blue books or green books. You can't put it in with a row of novels about young men who do this and young women who do that. MANDRAKE ROOT is essentially a story of some of the dark forests in the human heart, and much of the lost and lonely business of being a human being finds its way into these pages.

mandrake root

By JANET DIEBOLD

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
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The Saturday Review of Literature

In Quest of Mutual Understanding

PAUL SCHRECKER

IF you ask anybody what mutual understanding means, he is likely to answer like Saint Augustine when challenged to define time: "If you ask me, I don't know; if you don't ask me, I know." The composition, indication for use, and operation of the presumptive panacea for the international disease of misunderstanding or not-understanding-at-all foreign nations are, indeed, equally vague and inarticulate. What is it that ought to be understood? Who ought to understand it? And what mental process is meant by understanding? Of course, if the latter term is taken in the significance listed as No. 5 in Webster, "(a) an agreement of opinion; an adjustment of differences; (b) a mutual agreement, informal but having definite engagements," the postulate becomes mere tautology. In order to avoid wars, it would then claim, peoples ought to reach an agreement of opinion, adjust their differences, and, if only informally, accept definite mutual engagements. Which would be advice as original and penetrating as to suggest that in order to avoid poverty people should have money.

Most evidently, such a redundant statement was not intended when the Educational and Cultural Organization of the United Nations proclaimed as its first and main purpose "to develop and maintain mutual understanding and appreciation of the life and culture, the arts, the humanities and the sciences of the peoples of the world as a basis for effective international organization and world peace." Here, the objects, at least, of mutual understanding are somewhat more clearly defined as, in short, the respective civilizations. At this point, a little arithmetic might be apropos. If we assume that future world peace depends upon the mutual understanding of at least the Big Five, whose national civilizations have proved to be considerably at variance, a full score of understander-understood relations would have to be created. If, however, we consider a minimum of ten national civilizations as the body to be pacified by mutual understanding, the number of such relations required would already amount to ninety; which seems to prove that, if mutual understanding is to be the foundation of lasting world peace, the necessary effort will be next to super-human.

THERE still remains the other question, to wit: Who ought to understand? — which has been rather neglected. As a matter of fact, if we talk of one nation understanding another, we move in the field of personifaction and mythology. Understanding is, indeed, a function which can only be fulfilled by individuals. Yet, if we postulate that one nation ought to understand the other, we do not imply that all the individuals, nor even that the majority within a nation, should or could make the necessary effort. The question becomes still more intricate if we accept the enumeration of the objects of understanding given by the London Conference. Take, for instance, the item of science. Nobody would even require each and every American to understand American mathematics. Yet, here understanding of foreign mathematics seems to figure among the foundation stones of world peace. On the other hand, if the invitation to understanding foreign science were addressed to scientists only, it would be misleading and superfluous. For if the American specialist failed to understand Russian or French science and to appreciate what is good in it, he would not thereby sap the foundation of world peace, but simply disqualify himself as a scientist. Thus this point of the program boils down to the advice that all nations should have good and open-minded scientists and should promote the free exchange of scientific information.

IN the field of the arts the same conditions prevail. Hardly anything is gained for world peace if Germans understand and appreciate the works of Proust, Chopin, and Smetana, or if the American public adores Tschaikovsky, Shostakovitch, and Prokofieff. Even if art enjoyment and appreciation could spread like gossip and be refined to the point of ignoring sham, the effect might easily prove to be inversely proportionate to the rate of progress in those directions. Americans might, for instance, admire and enjoy French paintings, novels, music, liquors, cuisine, fashions, and perfumes, and nevertheless thoroughly misunderstand the French nation which produced those things, perhaps even because they produced them instead of devoting their energies to improving their agricultural and industrial output and their standard of living. "The German, wont to loathe the Frenchman, none the less enjoys his wines," wrote Goethe, the cosmopolitan, who understood and liked both.

The term mutual understanding should, therefore, not be left in this sphere of mere sentimental verbalism where it seems to be so much at ease. Any attempt to actualize a program must start with a clear realization of what it means. Even the empiric method of trial and error will be of no help where error means destruction. Contrary as it may seem to the

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prevailing aversion to theories or, as one might less politely say, to thinking before acting, a certain minimum of reflection on the meaning of understanding must precede any successful attempt to promote it in the field of international relations. The understanding of a foreign language may serve as a model which shows clearly what the term means. How do we get to learn and understand a new language? Children, having not yet acquired patterns of speech which operate like conditioned reflexes, learn them by imitation, aping an action which by experience has proved to achieve the desired effect. This procedure may produce a practical skill adequate for limited pragmatic purposes. It does not, however, lead to understanding, and still less does it produce the capacity of transmitting to others by teaching the mere patterns of behavior thus acquired. Thinking adults desiring to attain adequate understanding of a foreign tongue must first learn the system of norms ruling the expression and communication of thought embodied in it—its grammatical, semantic, and phonetic rules—and this knowledge can be gained only by comparing these norms with those inherent in their own language. Such intellectual effort, however, is only the first step. If we consider a foreign laguage not only as a ready-made collection of cliches, but as the expression of the very spirit of a national civilization, we must learn to express ourselves in it, to speak and write it, and eventually to think in it. So long as we translate—that is, associate the foreign symbols with our corresponding native symbols—we use that language without understanding it.

ONE has but to replace the term language by civilization in order to gain access to the process of understanding a foreign nation, the main difference being that, whereas the procedure is a matter of course, so far as the systematic teaching of languages is concerned, it has not been consistently studied or applied to the promotion of understanding foreign civilizations. In the latter respect we, indeed, behave largely like children, acquiring habits by mere mimicry. Or, following the approach preferred by tourists, we are used to translating every observation made in an alien milieu into our own native patterns, thus obtaining only piecemeal comprehensions, the sum total of which usually amounts to a total misunderstanding with its resultant disappointments and frictions. We are wont to behave like that Anglo-Saxon globe-trotter who, preparing to have a cold shower in an Italian hotel, turned on the faucet marked "C" and afterwards blamed Italian plumbing for his parboiling.

Our intellectual and emotional reactions to foreign civilizations are, on an average, determined by their apparent resemblances to and departures from our native frames of reference. We fail, in general, to realize that seeming similarities may cover essential differences, and that conspicuous dissimilarities may hide essential likenesses. The Chinese language uses "poetical" metaphors in everyday speech, and sober, unimaged expressions in poetry. Yet the effect of its colloquial richness is not emotional or esthetic, while the effect of its short and direct poetical language is both. Thus, in order to understand an alien pattern of life and work we must avoid stopping at deceptive appearances as well as using our own quasi-innate traditions and conventions as an exclusive frame of reference. So long as no special training and effort have destroyed the monopoly of this framework, we shall continue practising the patterns of our native civilization like conditioned reflexes which have become second nature. They are self-understood, or rather self-acting and not understood at all, and barely cross the threshold of awareness. The more general and fundamental they are, the less will it occur to the individual who has automatically followed them since his childhood that other civilizations might be ruled by entirely different patterns without thereby being stigmatized as barbaric. "There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world," wrote St. Paul in a profound *aperçu* on xenophobia, "and none of them is without signification. Therefore, if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me." And barbarians, we know, are those against whom we feel authorized—nay, obliged—to wage wars.

There is no other way of eliminating the monopolistic function of our native patterns than, for a time at least, not to use them. And since it is impossible to let a vacuum take the place of our conditioned reflexes, the only solution is to replace them by willingly and wittingly accepting foreign patterns. Just as one can adequately understand a foreign language only by speaking it, so one can adequately understand a foreign civilization only by practising it. This condition is not satisfied by merely living in an alien environment as do tourists, diplomats, and exchange students, whose luggage usually includes their native frames of reference functioning like a Procrustean bed to which the experience in the foreign nation is adjusted by mutilation.

The conclusion to be drawn from these considerations is that mutual understanding can scarcely be promoted by any other means than by comparative study carried out systematically and consistently in foreign nations. Two essential aims are, indeed, simultaneously reached by this method. The student will become aware of the relativity of his own civilization which, ceasing to be his conditioned reflex, will become the object of thoughtful comprehension. Just as we become aware of the relative scope of the patterns of our own language when we study a foreign tongue, so the absolute standard provided by the patterns of our native civilization will be reduced to a merely relative value when we realize that pursuit of happiness is not limited to just one—our own—cultural itinerary. The second effect of comparative study is to create an awareness that all civilizations, different as they may be—and this goes for national as well as for regional, racial, or class diversities—are commensurable, and that all of them are but ramifications (if not historically, at least phenomenologically) of the one idea of civilization. There are no two languages which would not allow of more or less faithful translation from one into the other. Nor are there two civilizations which would bar the possibility of more or less adequate mutual understanding. It may be easy, or it may require exceptional expenditures of energy. It is relatively easy if the two civilizations have branched off directly from a common stem. It is more difficult if they have not; just as it is easier for a Portuguese to learn Spanish than Chinese.

As was pointed out above, living in

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Atomic Reason to Equate the Atomic Bomb

1. Eye-Witness

DAWN OVER ZERO. By William L. Laurence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 274 *pp.* $3.

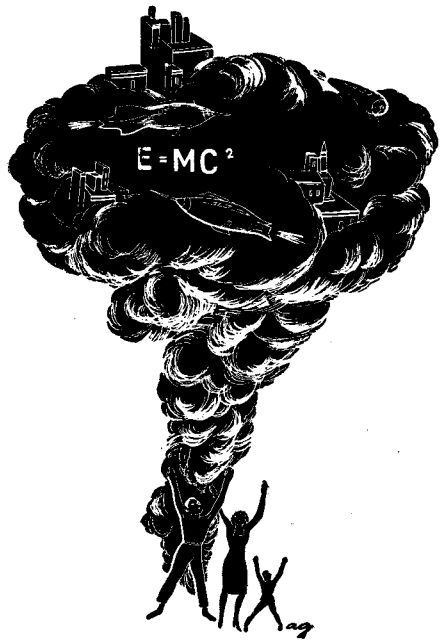
Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

A BOOKSELLER told me the other day that people are bored with atomic energy. He said they were tired of reading and hearing about atomic disaster, past or potential, and would rather be sold books like "The Egg and I" or "The Hucksters."

I suspect that the bookseller may have been right. It may be that a psychological reaction has set in now that we have had a year to get over the first impact of the news on the atomic bomb. It may be that the early news from Bikini nourished the general feeling that what we had to deal with was only another weapon; and that it was high time something was done about all those melodramatic writers and scientists—scaremongers all — who have been going around frightening the daylights out of people.

I suppose a man who doesn't believe his house is on fire will become bored and annoyed if you persist in suggesting that perhaps something might be done. In the same way, I suppose that the convenience of not having to do something drastic about a drastic problem causes many people to become bored and annoyed if you persist in talking in drastic terms about the imminently drastic consequences of uncontrolled atomic energy. Bertrand Russell may have been a little too harsh on the human species when he speculated that ninety per cent of mankind would rather be dead than sensible; but before the percentage is reduced too sharply, consider that the beginning of the second year of the atomic age finds many Americans not only oblivious but disdainful of some fairly explicit warnings concerned with the problems of that age.

These warnings are to be found in the three books discussed in this group review. Nothing can or should be done to force people to read these books. If it is smarter to be bored than literate about the issues of our times, then nothing that William Laurence or Leland Stowe or Harrison Brown has to say should interfere with the sophistication of *laissez-nous faire*. But if what we need and want is information—reasoned, competent, illuminating information —



then these three books are as important as they are challenging.

* * *

In 1932, William L. Laurence was asked by a Harvard alumni committee, class of 1912, to report on himself. "I have been covering news," he wrote, "in the realm of science from astronomy to zoölogy and intermediate points. The infinitesimal and the infinite, from metagalaxies to microbes, constitute my domain. . . . I annihilate the universe with Eddington and Jeans and put it together again with Millikan. If you want to know about genes and chromosomes, enzymes, hormones, vitamins, electrons, protons, photons, neutrons, and morons, read *The New York Times.*"

Much has been written about Bill Laurence of the *Times,* but nothing can tell you so much about him as that paragraph. The information conveyed therein is comprehensive yet concise; but of even greater importance is the Laurentian stylistic touch. The writing is sharp, graphic, melodious. I know of no one writing about science today who makes such an adroitly blended appeal to both the imagination and the intellect. In this new book, for example, he succeeds in explaining facts about nuclear research and atomic energy where many writers who have talked down to their readers have failed. The reason seems clear: Laurence believes that over-simplification and the ever-so-slow, patient approach can be as unprofitable and even as confusing to the layman as a series of formulae in a journal of theoretical physics. The striking power of the image, the ability to get across a complex point quickly and surely, the art of consecutiveness in building up to an overall understanding of a multi-faceted subject, the obviously complete and certain grasp of the material by the author—all these give Laurence immediate and effective access to his reader. A few brief excerpts from the book by way of illustration:

> Just as lighting a match starts the chemical chain reaction of the wood or coal fire, in which the energy in the outer electronic shell of the atom is liberated, so the neutron serves as a cosmic match, as it were, for starting the chain reaction that produces a cosmic fire in which the energy locked up in the inner core of the atom is set free. . . .
>
> The possibility that a geyser of neutrons would come gushing out of the splitting of the uranium atom suggested itself at once to Dr. Szilard, Dr. Fermi, and others as soon as the fission phenomenon was discovered. . . .
>
> Los Alamos was the land of the free fast neutron, where one wanted, not to tame it, but, on the contrary, to give it full freedom of action. On these mesas, and down below in the canyons, the neutron ruled the lives of the people. At Hanford it was a slave, imprisoned in a moderator and shorn of most of its strength. At Los Alamos the fast neutron was king. . . .
>
> An atomic explosion is very different in its mechanism from the ordinary chemical explosion of TNT and other explosives. In these, any quantity, no matter how small, can be exploded, while no quantity, no matter how large, will explode by itself if the proper precautions are taken. In atomic material, however, the explosion can occur only if the quantity reaches this critical amount. Quantities of the material less than the critical amount are perfectly stable and safe. On the other hand, a quantity greater than this critical amount will go off automatically by itself, and no power on earth can stop it. I can therefore reveal to you the principal secret of the atomic bomb: All you have to do to explode an atomic bomb is to unite at great rapidity two pieces of the active material, each smaller than the critical amount, but exceeding it when brought together. As Dr. Bert Williams of Los Alamos put it: "Take some fissionable material in several places, as pure as possible, and slap them together as quickly as possible.". . .

"Dawn Over Zero" does not one but many things. It is the Smyth Report set to brilliant and dramatic prose. It tells the full story of the Manhattan District project, from its pre-natal influences to the death of Nagasaki. It tells for the first time, to the knowledge of this reader, the factual story of German atomic re-

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search during the war, and the British-American exploits in destroying attempt after attempt by Germany in Norway to manufacture heavy water —an indispensable intermediate step in the preparation of atomic weapons. (The story of "Einar," a secret British operative who was dropped by parachute on Telemark and who was in the center of the sabotage operations, is dimensions beyond E. Phillips Oppenheim.) It tells, too, for the first time, the complete account of the bombing of Hiroshima.

Most of the book was written on the basis of personal observation. Laurence was called in by the War Department two months before the atomic bomb was tested in New Mexico. His was to be the honor—and it is doubtful whether a higher honor has ever been paid to a newspaperman in the history of American journalism—of reporting to the world on the greatest story of the age. All the official press releases were to be prepared by him for world-wide distribution. Ten years before that, in answer to a questionnaire from a magazine asking him to describe what he would conceive to be the biggest news story in history yet to occur, Laurence had replied: "The discovery of the means for harnessing atomic energy." A decade later, Laurence was selected to explain that discovery to mankind.

As a member of the Manhattan district, Laurence was taken into the inner councils. He rediscovered old friends who had been swallowed up in the secrecy of the project for many months, and made new ones. He lived in the laboratories and in the field. He inspected at first hand the plutonium pilot plant at the Clinton Laboratories in Tennessee, and later the $400,000,000 plutonium production center at the Hanford Engineer Works near Pasco, Washington. He lived in the mystery city of Oak Ridge, the headquarters of the project—a fabulous atomic never-never land where virtually no one knew what product he was working on with such determination and feeling of self-importance. ("The stock jest among anti-New Dealers was that they were making 'front ends of horses to be shipped to Washington for assembly'.") He was at Los Alamos, the hidden government reservation on which the atomic cargoes converged —a "steady procession of trucks carrying cyclotrons and belatrons, Coccroft-Walton proton accelerators, and Van de Graaf high-voltage spheres, special gadgets made in hundreds of plants and universities throughout the land, crates of U-235 from all the plants at Oak Ridge, and cargoes of plutonium from the giant piles at Hanford." Los Alamos was the home of the bomb itself.

To say that "Dawn Over Zero" is exciting is as banal as saying that life itself is exciting. But the word will have to stand, for there is no other way to describe it. There is a sense of horizon to the book, a sense of intellectual and emotional expansion. There is no point in exhorting those who are bored with the subject of atomic energy to read it. There is no point in threatening them. In this case, to be bored is to be damned anyway.

2. *Inside Our Times*

WHILE TIME REMAINS. By Leland Stowe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 379 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT ST. JOHN

DURING a brief hiatus in his almost continuous twenty-year tour of the earth's trouble spots, Leland Stowe went into seclusion in his suburban home, determined to have a look at the world as if he were a reporter for the *Mars Morning Gazette*. In "While Time Remains" he has set down his observations. If there *is* a *Mars Morning Gazette*, it should hire Mr. Stowe. In his study on the edge of New York, he managed to see the world in which we live with a perspective which is exhilarating. This does not mean that he is one of those ivory tower characters who reports the fight which is going on around him with the attitude that no reporter should have feelings or be emotionally involved in the fracas.

Leland Stowe is objective, within limits. When he feels that the British are wrong, he says so, at the same time damning in strong language the professional Anglophobes. He points out, quite honestly, the mistakes which Russia has made of late, but at the same time presents the Soviet Union in the fairest light in which she has been presented these many moons. He is objective, but from the very start the reader is made aware that he believes that it *is his* fight, as well as his reader's, and the reader knows quickly what side Leland Stowe is on.

In criticism, it can be pointed out that "While Time Remains" covers too great a multitude of subjects; everything from Frank Sinatra, and how Americans behave at a movie, and what's wrong with our comic strips and the sex life of the American GI, to how many acres of land Count Esterhazy owned, and how much per year is spent on the education of the average Indian, and the life span of the average Chinese. The book is jammed to the margins (and sometimes beyond) with statistics, anecdotes, and a penetrating discussion of almost every problem that could possibly come up for discussion at the most erudite person's dinner table. But the weakness of the book is its strength, for Leland Stowe started out in his first chapter to take stock of the world, and by the time you reach page 379 you must agree that he's an extremely thorough stock-taker. Besides, he makes the sex life of the GI and the monopolistic character of the Aluminum Corporation of America tie right in with the one great question which overshadows his whole work (as it does our whole life): "Can our civilization survive the Atomic Age?"

Mr. Stowe, with his facts and figures and stories of personal experiences in 44 countries, throws a great shining light into "the dark places." He discusses communism with an objectivity worthy of the Martian reporter he pretends to be. He has a whole chapter on fascism which defines that poison better than I've ever seen it defined before. He boldly declares his theory that socialism is the new "middle ground" in Europe's groping for a better way of life for a majority of her people. He calls it a "world revolution" and warns the wishful thinkers that the "good old days" are forever gone. He hurls his most vitriol-dipped weapons at Winston Churchill for authoring "the Greek tragedy." He jumps from one corner of the world to another as he flashes his torch around. Nothing seems to escape him, no matter how great the jumps, or whose propaganda he must sweep aside, to throw his light in the direction he's aiming it. Winston Churchill isn't the only villain in the piece. Harry Truman, Patrick Hurley, Chiang Kai-shek, Colonel Robert McCormick, Sir Reginald Leeper, and a host of others emerge from the book, well smeared with paint of a rather unattractive color.

"While Time Remains" is a stimulating volume, for Mr. Stowe blows the dust out of cobwebby brains, and whether you agree with him or hate him for making you do it, he does make you think. The style of the writing is intimate and simple, but occasionally one suddenly bumps head-on into a purple passage, such as this description of Budapest just before the Nazis marched in: "Here, laughter lifted on a teardrop's edge. . . . Time was lost and romance reigned and life was ringed with pleasure. . . . Everything was now. . . . Budapest was a gypsy's dance, at a graveyard's fringe. Budapest was

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a mask of melody and heart's delight; a carnival, it seemed, without a season or a finale."

At times "While Time Remains" is a depressing book, for as you approach the final chapters, you begin to loathe mankind for mankind's evil ways and mankind's stupidities, and mankind's deep-seated desire to commit global suicide. But then Mr. Stowe soars to optimistic heights in three chapters entitled "The Deadline for Our Survival," "World Government or World Anarchy," and "The World's Best Hope." He demonstrates, with incontrovertible evidence, that we cannot afford any national defense against atomic aggression; that even if we could, it would mean dictatorship over here as bad as any Europe ever knew.

But he has a solution. It is not a new one, for he lavishly quotes men like Norman Cousins and most of the atomic scientists, who long ago began preaching world government. But Leland Stowe adds new urgency to the appeal for action and new hope that it is possible, in our time. He warns that "the persistent hangover of our pre-atomic thinking" is a greater peril than the bomb itself. He argues that the "only thing on this planet which is indestructible enough to oppose and tame the atomic bomb is an idea; the idea of some form of limited world government." He says that we are "like a gangster who has been given five years of probation in which to reform or face the imposition of a death sentence within a definite time-limit."

The new world government, Mr. Stowe argues, *must* include Russia; otherwise the world will be split in two, with each camp arming against the other, thus making "an atomic war the only logical and eventual outcome." He's optimistic enough to believe that "we are gradually learning that national sovereignty alone is neither wide enough nor strong enough to make our world habitable and safe from atomic doom."

Leland Stowe, as with most foreign correspondents who have roamed the globe, has great faith in people. He wants the loud voice of the people to be heard, rather than the pip-squeek whispers of "little men," such as those who composed our delegation to the San Francisco Conference. He says: "Qualification for a vital role on the world stage is by no means merely equivalent to qualification for being elected to Congress from the Eleventh District. But until the people demand something a lot better, any President must remain the prisoner of domestic politics in selecting men for a tremendously important international role."

Mr. Stowe declares that most of the people of the world today are demanding a decent and fairer share in the productive wealth of the world, and that their voices *must* be heeded:

> At first it sounds confused to you and me. But it isn't confused. It is a great and vibrant chorus of humanity's long-dispossessed. And what they say, in this ever-rising and ever widening chorus, is what Abraham Lincoln also said. . . . Human rights are greater than property rights. They say that the most flagrant of inequalities can no longer be tolerated; that inequality of opportunity spells a condemnation to inequality of man. They say that men and women can live better and warmer than ever before. They say that the human spirit has not been broken. They say: "War could not destroy us. Peace shall not imprison us." They say that human dignity has not been lost; and because it has not been lost, they say that human dignity will yet burgeon in the light of their new day.

"The World's Best Hope," as Mr. Stowe sees it, is for a great community of nations, joined together in a world government, dedicated to the prevention and abolition of the supreme crime of atomic war—of war itself.

"While Time Remains" is a book a befuddled public has been crying for; a book which every literate American over the age of sixteen should read very soon, and then it should be translated into every known language, including Hindustani. If just twenty per cent of our own population, if just five per cent of the literate population of the world, could be persuaded to think as Mr. Stowe thinks, the optimism of "While Time Remains" would be justified.

Otherwise . . . as Mr. Stowe says, . . . "the end of everything is here."

3. *Scientist-Citizen*

MUST DESTRUCTION BE OUR DESTINY? By Harrison Brown. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 158 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

HARRISON BROWN is one of the Manhattan Project atomic scientists who was so appalled by the thing he had helped to create that he decided to do something about it. When the war ended he gave up temporarily his scientific work and went on a countrywide lecture tour telling people about the bomb and world government. He also wrote this book. Albert Einstein vouches for it as a clear, honest, and vivid description of the atom bomb as a weapon of war, written objectively

Harrison Brown: ". . . [foreign] agents could, over a period, secrete a large number of bombs . . . in our large cities."

and without exaggeration. Clifton Fadiman calls it the most important book Simon & Schuster have ever published.

It is important that this book be read widely. For we are deliberately forgetting about the bomb. We have been so numbed by the horrible facts which science has forced upon us that we are desperately trying to forget them. Harrison Brown says that we had better, all of us, overhaul our political institutions in order to establish the needed machinery of control.

The mass of disconnected facts about atomic energy that have been thrown at the American public in this one short year have been too much for human understanding. One scientist tells us of 40,000,000 American dead in the first atomic assault of the next war. Another talks of germ sprayers which will destroy all living things over large areas. All agree there is no defense against these modern weapons. It is too much to take in. How can political change keep pace with science run riot? Dr. Brown puts order into this chaos. The scientific facts are soberly assessed. The military implications are calmly and sensibly appraised. The political solution—world government—is earnestly and intelligently stated. The conclusions he reaches are incontrovertible. We have but one alternative. We can set up world law immediately to put order into this disordered world. Or we can sit meekly by while our country and all the others go the way of nationalism and international anarchy to domestic authoritarian rule and international atomic war.

In the course of being confronted with this alternative, you will have some fascinating reading. You will read of the Japanese colonel who flew to Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, to find out what had put the radio station of that city off the air. The

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Japanese government could not understand what had happened to that radio station. Radar had reported no planes overhead, except a small force which could not possibly have caused any damage. You will read of what the colonel found. You will read of many other interesting things, including answers by Dr. Brown to some important questions about the future.

Dr. Brown believes that the release by the War Department of the official Smyth Report outlining the history of our development of atomic energy gave the world essentially as much information as we ourselves possessed late in 1942. It took us less than three years from that date to develop the bomb. It is therefore conservative, says Dr. Brown, to estimate that other nations will have a bomb within three years of the issue of the Smyth Report.

From this premise Dr. Brown goes on to some sobering conclusions. He calculates that it would take 500 Nagasaki-type bombs to destroy the 200 cities in the United States with populations over 50,000. But the atomic bombs used over Japan do not represent the ultimate in destruction efficiency. Dr. Brown says that a detonating charge equivalent to 10,000,000 (1,000 times as great as the Hiroshima bomb) is a possibility with which we must reckon. It seems clear that we are now at about the Kitty Hawk stage in atomic weapons and that estimates of what existing bombs can do must be regarded as substantial understatements.

In considering methods of defense against the bomb, Dr. Brown examines what he considers the only possible partial defense. He believes that the relocation and dispersal of our population and industries would materially increase the difficulty a hostile nation would have in annihilating our people and our factories. It seems that from an enemy's point of view our present city structure is ideally suited to atomic bomb attack. The effect of an atomic bomb is to a large extent a question of population density. Therefore if we want to continue the present system of unrestricted nationalism, we should reduce the density in our larger cities to about 1,000 persons per square mile. That would give the following populations to our five largest cities: New York, 365,000; Chicago, 211,000; Philadelphia, 135,000; Detroit, 152,000; Los Angeles, 452,000. This density of 1,000 could be increased slightly by making "strip cities," that is, cities about a mile wide. Strip cities would allow us to double the population density, to 2,000 persons a square mile. Such a dispersal would reduce the casualties of a 500-bomb raid to about 2,000,000 killed. This contrasts with the total of 56,000 civilians killed in England during World War II. This figure of 2,000,000 deaths is based however on the use of Nagasaki type bombs. The use of the ten-mile radius type bombs, if dropped on New York under present conditions would cause 5,000,000 deaths, if dropped under conditions of dispersal would kill 300,000 out of the 365,000 population, and in either case would eradicate structures over an area of 300 square miles.

The danger comes not only from attack from outside the country. "It is quite conceivable that the agents of another nation could, over a period of time, secrete a large number of bombs in houses, apartments, and shops located in our large cities. Each bomb could be equipped with a timing device, so that the explosions throughout the country would occur almost simultaneously. If that mode of attack were used we might not know the identity of our enemy with certainty until too late." The only defense against this kind of attack is an investigation bureau of sweeping power, which would inspect all imports and all residences, shops, and factories, with or without the owner's permission. The effectiveness of such an inspection system would vary directly with the loss of personal liberties it would cause.

These are samples of the sober, understated analysis of the material and political consequences of the atomic revolution by a scientist who knows what he is talking about. There is much more—an analysis of the effect of atomic weapons on our present Constitutional requirement for declaring war, for example. Atomic counter attack following an atomic attack on us must be a matter of minutes at the most. We cannot wait for a joint resolution of Congress. Must we change this Constitutional provision?

Unlike some of his scientific colleagues, Dr. Brown believes it is his duty as a citizen to have an opinion on the political remedy to the bomb. Some scientists have felt that they should stick to their own specialty, and that politics should be left to the statesmen. Dr. Brown, correctly, does not agree. His opinion is that the business of world organization is much too serious to be left to the professionals. He therefore makes his case for the proposition which almost everyone accepts—that we cannot control atomic or any other weapons except by eliminating war, and that we cannot eliminate war except by setting up a world authority having the characteristics of a government and enforcing the ban on war by law operating directly on the individual.

But although everyone, or almost everyone, accepts this conclusion, many say that the rule of law is not practical now and must be regarded as an aspiration toward which gradual, and short, steps are all that can be taken now. Dr. Brown disagrees. He feels deeply that it is later than we think. The United States, because it now has the bomb while other nations do not, has a short and crucial time during which it can take the lead in persuading the nations to set up the rule of law. Our era of supremacy will be short; and when the other nations get the bomb it will be geometrically harder to get them to agree. The clay is still soft, but not for long. "The urgency to act boldly and quickly to prevent the final, great catastrophe of humanity is overwhelming."

Allegory with Goose Pimples

ANIMAL FARM. By George Orwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 118 pp. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS M. RIDENOUR

GEORGE ORWELL'S "Animal Farm" is intrinsically a very amusing book. It deals only incidentally with animals and farms; it is an extended allegory dealing with the history of the Soviet Union. Even a reader as ignorant of the detailed history of Russia as I am can spot the Bolshevik revolution, the early successes of the Red Army, the excommunication of Trotsky (who seems to be a pig named Snowball), the growth of the internal Terror, the various industrial Five-Year Plans, the Russo-German pact and its breakdown, and similar prominent landmarks. No doubt there are a great many minor parallels which will not be lost on a reader who is well informed in terms of Soviet history.

The book is a splendid technical job, whose easy and diverting style never once lags from beginning to end. It is no simple matter to sustain a fable like this one for more than a hundred pages, and Mr. Orwell does it admirably. He does it, apparently, with two main purposes in view. The first is to amuse; the transposition of human actions and attitudes into the antics of non-human animals has been a good dodge since Aesop. On the other hand, the author satirizes the communist state. Much of his attention is devoted to showing how the grand promises of the early days have been compromised by expediency and

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dissipated by the growth of personal ambition and love of power among the pigs who lead Mr. Orwell's miniature communist state.

The writing of "Animal Farm" was finished in February, 1944. I dare say that if I had read it then, or within eighteen months of that time, I should have thought it extremely funny, and I should have been greatly impressed by the way in which the book points up the major current weakness of the Soviet Union—that it is a tyranny of the blackest sort. I should have generated a complacency concerning our own form of government by considering the drawbacks of a different rule which pretends to be devoted even more thoroughly to the rights of the common man. In the context of today, "Animal Farm," although still intrinsically amusing, carries a most alarming reminder.

Like a number of old ideas, several naval vessels, and more than a hundred thousand people, my ability to derive unconcerned amusement from "Animal Farm" is a casualty of the atomic bomb. The increasingly tyrannous doings of the pigs who run the farm seem far more ominous than funny at a time when we must deal with the pigs in an atmosphere of flawless reciprocal trust or all perish together.

Nothing but the lust of men for power over other men, and the xenophobia generated by that lust, seems today to stand in the way of the creation of firm and workable arrangements for the worldwide control of atomic energy. The price of failure is clear; yet the efforts for world organization and peace may fail.

On Memorial Drive in Cambridge, a few nights ago, my daughter, who is not quite six, noticed the monument which marks the landing of the Norsemen on this continent a thousand years ago. I told her what it was for. She said, "If there had been some Americans here then, they would have fought them off."

When a child picks up this sort of reasoning—God knows how, I suppose by osmosis—before she can read and write, and when it is clear that such an approach to world problems will mean the destruction of us all, it is difficult to be amused by the moral decline of some pigs debauched by power over their barnyard fellows. No doubt I have got atoms before my eyes, and ought to be able to dissociate world problems from a simple rural allegory, but I can't. In the last war I saw fairly extensively what chemical explosives can do, and as a scientist I have had some training in appreciating the significance of the factor of a million which separates these chemical explosives from the new explosives we now know how to make. When pigs act like people, or people act like pigs (depending on how you look at it), I am disturbed, for I know what is at stake.

If the carefree humor of "Animal Farm" is gone, then, the biting satire remains. My own pleasure in this satire is greatly reduced by my realization that its object is, as usual, far less the communist system than the nature of man himself as this nature has been revealed in the latter-day development of the communist system. It is easy to admire the superb craftsmanship with which the attack is carried out, but it is not comfortable to contemplate the probable results, in terms of future history, of the traits of human character elaborated in the satire.

The message of "Animal Farm" seems to be, not that Russia's leaders have enslaved and exploited their people, though perhaps they have, but that people are no damn good.

—*Etching by Clara Mairs in* Fine Prints of the Year 1932

This Is Bermuda

BERMUDA JOURNEY. By William Zuill. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 403 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WALTER B. HAYWARD

WHEN one visits Bermuda and talks to Bermudians a salient fact soon stands out: Into the fabric of Bermuda life have been woven strong human threads, many of which are linked to the sea, as befits an island people. An old lime-washed house beside a cove is a reminder that smuggling was once a fine art among Bermudians; another on a hillside among the cedars was built with the spoils of privateering; a hidden reef is the scene of a never-forgotten shipwreck; a crumbling seventeenth-century fort recalls the days when Spain was the enemy to be feared.

Mr. Zuill, the author of what he calls a "leisurely guide," has long been a collector of Bermudiana. He knows his native land from Daniel's Head to St. David's Head. He writes with an intimate touch and also with the conviction that although Bermuda is changing, the things that gave her character and marked individuality must not be neglected. There is no doubt that the islands are entering a new era. For they are now an American military outpost as well as a unit of the British Commonwealth; the impact of American occupation has already put its mark on the colony.

But much of the old Bermuda remains. Though American bulldozers may rip up primitive St. David's and tie islands together in the Great Sound, they cannot destroy traditions, customs, folklore. And it is these with which the author largely deals in "Bermuda Journey." He escorts us through Hamilton, the lively capital, and takes us around the alleys of ancient St. George's, pausing now and again for a bit of local history, or description, or to paint a portrait of some rugged character—Tew the pirate, who had a strange streak of integrity; Hezekiah Frith, who sailed the high seas under letters of marque, much to his profit; Parson Richardson, forthright and original in all his affairs; John Davenport, merchant and miser who kept his gold and silver in arrowroot kegs—£75,000 of hard cash.

In the gallery are Canadian and Irish political prisoners, English convicts, Boer prisoners of war, shipmasters and shipbuilders, the men who stole powder from George Washington, authors and poets, Tom Moore among them. For each there is a pertinent yarn.

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Rediscovering America

WALLACE STEGNER

PART TWO.

SUNDAY: Twenty years ago Searchlight had nothing to show but crumbling shanties with lizards on the sills, the sad open mouths of drifts and prospect holes, rusting machinery. Now it lies on a paved highway linking Boulder City and Needles. In the sprawling central square the false-fronts wear new paint, mostly orange. We count seven bar-and-casino joints, and even the cafe where we stop for a beer has a crap table, twenty-one table, and a battery of slot machines. The population is variously reported at from twenty-nine to forty; the housing shortage is serious.

After one boom and a long decay and a flurry of renewed mining activity during the war, Searchlight is due for another boom as a recreation point for workers on the new Davis Dam. The old ghost town is full of drifters. On top of the most imposing of the casinos sits the buckboard in which a certain frontier lady brought in the bodies of two claim-jumpers back in that other boom. Everyone in town is dutifully repeating this story as part of the Searchlight build-up.

There is a curiously hectic metabolic rate about Nevada towns. It is as if, in the middle of the unwinking desert, man was forced into alternating periods of hibernation and hysteria. And the preparations for a boom are somehow less picturesque than the left-overs of one. We get off on a dirt road as fast as we can, heading for Boulder City by a roundabout way.

OUR map, the Mojave and Colorado Deserts map of the Automobile Club of Southern California, is the best of its kind, but it is several years old, and surprising things happen. As we come down El Dorado Wash past abandoned mines and caved-in drifts, wide new asphalt begins mysteriously in the middle of the gulch. At the mouth of the wash we find the wide clear river, see the ranks of trailers lined up hub to hub, hear the impatience of an Elto Twin as it rushes a boat downriver between the low red cliffs. This is the rainbow trout part of the Boulder Dam Recreational Area. After the desert, it looks as populous as Market Street. Ghost towns with housing shortages, gulches which suddenly develop paved roads and trailer parks, confuse us. Obviously this back road we have been exploring with tourist zeal is familiar to every fisherman within five hundred miles. We give up the notion of a swim and head for Boulder City.

Here is another surprise, but a pleasant one. Ten years ago Boulder City was a temporary work town on the barren desert slope. Now it is as green as Ireland, palpitatingly and tenderly green, and over all the streets and the lush little park fast-growing locust trees, pink and white with blossom, spray the town with fragrance. Even the climate has been built from scratch. While the desert all around simmers and the heat waves beat up from sage, this emerald

town blows cool in the face of the tourist, cooled by the evaporation from lawns and trees.

We have an invitation to go up the lake for two days as the guests of the Park Service. When I have called Superintendent Edwards and verified the date, we pull on down the long slope to the green patch of the camp ground, thickly planted with tamarisks and trailers. Without unpacking we try a swim, which is cold, on the beach, which is rocky at this stage of low water. In a few weeks the lake will reach fifty feet higher and several hundred yards further up the shore. It is this annual rise and fall which prevents Lake Mead from developing vegetation along its littoral. The buff and pink and yellow and gray mountains rising up from the improbable cobalt water are as bald as when the water was a muddy red thread far down in the canyons.

Tonight we realize the full implications of being, not in the wilderness-desert, but in the tourist-desert. In the wilderness, camping is casual and private. Here, a caretaker comes around to tell us that if we want electric plug-ins we'd better move down a few notches. We want no electric plug-ins, but evidently most of the campers here do, for they are standard equipment, along with camp stoves, water taps, tables, benches, clean washroom-toilets, and bath houses.

NEXT to us an Illinois car and trailer pull in, and the man goes about plugging in his lights and blocking up his wheels. By the time we have finished our primitive and grubby meal our neighbor and his wife are outside with toothpicks in their mouths. The man brings out something white, and I see that it is a section of folding fence, which he sets up around the end of the trailer, and his wife comes out with two folding chairs, and in the dusk they sit within those palings on a spot of ground that is forever Peoria.

We run a course from amusement to irritation. We miss the freedom of last night's camp, and chafe against this crowded urbanism, and half contemplate breaking the Forest Service rule against camping outside the designated sites. As sage-brushers, whiskery and with gritty ears, we grow bitter and witty at the regimentation of the tourist. We recall the signs in national parks and monuments and forests: Do Not Pick the Wild Flowers, Do Not Destroy or Injure Shrubs or Trees, Place Garbage in Containers, Park Here. Even the signs in the toilets: "Stand Close." They even tell you how to do that.

But by bed-time we have talked away our grouch. We remember the desert east of Mojave, every clump of greasewood or rabbit brush plastered with clinging papers, every stretch of sand strewn with cans and boxes and bottles and the debris of man. Wherever people come in any numbers, they spoil the land. Unsupervised campers, even such impeccable and responsible campers as we think we are, could spoil the whole desert, and without careful rules the campsites in parks and monuments would quickly become wheeled slums. This camp may be crowded, but it is no slum. It is as clean as a city park. We say goodnight fairly pleasantly to the pair sitting twenty feet away in Peoria.

MONDAY: In a way, camping by boat is more irresponsible than even sagebrushing in the bald desert. Making lunch in the galley of this ex-Coast-Guard patrol boat, we heave cans and scraps blithely overboard. Lake Mead, which could when full supply every person in the United States with 80,000 gallons of water

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(the guidebooks are emphatic on this point), is too big to be polluted.

We are nearing the upper end of the wide lower basin. Fortification Hill is behind us, and over the barren mountains back of Hemenway Wash the snow-peak of Charleston Mountain dreams in the high blue. Our hosts are Ray Poyser, the boatman, a Coast Guard veteran like his boat, and Wilbur Doudna, ex-Navy, a ranger-naturalist. Through the blue glass of the cabin, which deepens the color of the sky and water to postcard intensity, they point out a cluster of wild burros over on the south shore. The burros are so thick in the Recreational Area, Doudna says, that they sometimes have to be thinned out by slaughtering parties. It is hard to get volunteers. I should think it would be.

The shores begin to close in, and we cut into Boulder Canyon between nearly vertical walls. The rock is iron gray above, but from water's edge to high water mark it is bleached white. We are seeing here what the birds used to see before Boulder Dam filled the canyon with water. On any natural lake this deep there would be legends of holes where no line could find bottom, and those holes would probably turn out to be exactly opposite similar holes in the Dead Sea in Palestine. It is nice to know that if we want to inspect the bottom of this lake we can do it on the predam maps. We even know what the local lost Atlantis looks like: at the bottom of Boulder Canyon, undisturbed by the passage of our hull five hundred feet above it, lies the stone building that was once the Mormon river port of Callville.

AT the end of a half hour we break out of the pinching cliffs into what the maps call the Virgin Basin, and what Poyser calls Big Lake, or Middle Lake. History is with us here, as it was over the drowned port of Callville. On August 30, 1869, the remnants of Major John Wesley Powell's party, bearded and dirty and down to their last mouldy pounds of provisions, met a party of Mormons seining here at the mouth of the Virgin. That day saw the completion of the first passage of the Colorado River canyons by boat, and ended the last major exploration within the continental United States. Because I have for several years been gathering materials for a biography of Powell, I look around here with interest, but where Powell saw low shores and placid muddy river and muddy banks, there is now an even spread of blue sweeping northward.

Neither Powell's journal nor the journal of Jacob Hamblin, who ran this stretch of river even before Powell, is of any use now except for an occasional identifying landmark like the Temple, opposite Temple Bar Wash, an hour upriver where we meet a pair of fishing boats and see the old road that used to come down to a ferry here. It lies on the cindery hills and hangs its tongue in the lake like a run dog.

The lake narrows into Virgin Canyon, widens out for a long run up Gregg Basin, then is squeezed into the slot of Iceberg Canyon, where high on the wall a Reclamation Service marker perches like an impossible highway sign. Now we are in Arizona.

There will not be for us the fun of sailing up under Emery Falls,

which we can see in a side canyon across the bar, and filling our drinking cups from the fall. We won't see Rampart Cave, either. Ray feels his way until we have had a look, and that is all we will get. Here at the very threshold of the really stupendous scenery, under the lee of the first mighty walls, we have to turn back. I curse myself that I never got down here when the lake went deep into the cliffs.

Only Page, who has explored the boat from forecastle to propeller, looked out portholes and hung over the bow with his nose in the bow wave, who has had a hundred-mile boat ride and is tired of boat rides, is philosophical. "Now can we go fishing?" he says.

An hour before sunset we anchor in a side canyon and Dave, Ray, and Wilbur go off trolling in the skiff. Page fishes with a minnow off the stern of the big boat. It takes him ten minutes to get his first bass, about a one-pounder. Then he brings up a crappie. Miriam, Mary, and I have a highball with some of Ray's K-rations for canapes. In this still cove we can almost hear the rocks giving up their heat. I have a feeling I can even hear the evaporation (a quarter inch a day from the whole 227 square miles of lake) gradually slow up and stop as the sun goes. There is not a gurgle or a lap from the water, though along shore a carp jumps heavily. Down in the water around Page's lip-hooked minnow we can see the small bass chugging, interested but not excited.

I catch the pole, which Page has put down for a moment, and save it from going overboard. This time the fun is mine, two or two and a half pounds of big-mouthed bass.

WHEN our party returns with five small bass, we chase Page to bed belowdecks, clean fish, and set up cots on the deck. Miriam and Dave carry their sleeping bags ashore, determined not to miss a chance to sleep on the ground. Before we turn in we carry our last jug up on shore and make a fire up by high-water mark, where there is plenty of dry bleached wood snagged among the rocks.

The night, like the day, seems full of an intense purity of light and shadow. The driftwood burns hotly, almost without smoke, and the flames are clean. The moon rises full and round, chasing the dark out of our pocket except under the eastern cliff. Passing the bottle around, we get off on peace pipes, and I tell about Powell's experience with a Shivwits peacepipe, its stem broken and mended with sinew and buckskin rags, the whole making a mouthful oozy with old spittle and goodwill. But I do not seem to drive anyone away from the giant killer. All I get is a story from Doudna about a desert rat in the Panamints who had a little creek with minnows in it. Every night he put his false teeth in the stream to let the minnows clean them. "Did a good job, too," Doudna says.

We get talking of animals, which are Doudna's specialty. He and Dave, who is a micro-biologist, swap learning, but Dave cannot swap bear stories with Wilbur. Wilbur has known a man who killed a grizzly bear with a club. So I put in my piece. "What was the matter with his teeth?" I say.

"Well," Doudna says, "this fellow was pretty old. Teeth were all gone. He tried gumming the bear for a while, but he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, so he used the club."

I give up and crawl back to the foredeck to my cot. The stay from the bow to the boat's short mast is a black line across the narrow sky, and the sky itself is absolutely pure blue-and-silver with moonlight. Straight overhead the moon is molten, as if someone on the other side had burned a hole through the silver bowl with a blowtorch.

This is the fourth night in a row I have gone to sleep with the moon in my eyes.

(To be continued)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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INTERNATIONAL BULLFIGHT

SINCE the war's end, we have been printing in the United States a dangerous form of journalistic literature. Russia appears to be as sensitive to any criticism of its government or the habits of its people as was the United States a century ago when Dickens came over here and commented on some of the cruder aspects of life in the young republic. But when he objected to our bad manners, the use of the universal spittoon, and the turbulent scenes in the House and the Senate, at least he spoke our own language and was capable of understanding the vigor of our institutions and the immense future that lay before us.

When an American correspondent returns to this country from Russia to write his impressions of the USSR, he has three strikes against him; everything he has heard or read has to be translated; his knowledge of what is going on in Russia is limited by the iron bars that Russia has set up against travel or any thorough investigation of life in the Soviets; his mind is necessarily closed by the ideological differences that exist between an American and a Russian. In addition, he is apt to be hurt or offended by the universal suspicion with which he has been met and by being treated as a kind of privileged spy.

When his book or his newspaper article is printed, it is met with the most violent denunciation by the Soviet press, promptly translated and cabled back to American newspapers. He is called, as was Brooks Atkinson lately, a bandit and a war-monger. American readers are not as much offended by Russia's way of defending itself from outside critics as they are horrified and alarmed. Instead of persuading the American writer to be more cautious in the future for the sake of international amity Russian violence is having the opposite effect. Russian invective against America has become top news, and there may be correspondents in the future who will yield to the temptation of inciting it. Furthermore, since his comments have attracted national attention, they are apt to lead straight to publication in magazines with circulations that run in the millions.

Since it is obvious that all of us want a peaceful world, it would seem that there could be no poorer way of achieving it. In the course of less than a year we have reached the point where almost everyone except the avowed Communists and the fellow travelers amongst us are reaching the most dangerous conclusions. We must ask ourselves how this increasing acrimony can be avoided. The answer that has been given in the past is not good enough, that Russia must permit Americans to travel freely throughout the country, as we have recently permitted Ilya Ehrenburg and Konstantine Simonov to visit any part of the United States and to study everything except military secrets to which Americans themselves have no access. There are less than four hundred Americans in all Russia today; their feet are chained, and we can expect no alteration in this program of secrecy. Neither can we persuade American correspondents to stop writing about Russia or ask them for less than honest reports, or command our press to stop printing the Russian attacks on them.

Apparently this dangerous sequence of criticism and vitriolic reply must go on. It is as if we were watching a bullfight. The correspondent waves a flag at the Russian bull; the enraged bull charges and the American audience holds its breath.

Now that Ilya Ehrenburg has returned to Russia we may expect even less quarter, for his magnificent dispatches from the front during the war helped to stir the Russians to fury against the invader. He is a master of invective and of all places in the United States he chose to spend most of his time in Georgia, Mississippi, and Tennessee. After his return from the South his privately expressed opinion was that this was a barbarous country, and you can hardly expect him to keep from defending his own country from what the Russians consider malicious criticism by the old device of attacking in turn. Mr. Simonov also may have something to say about California and Hollywood that will not please American ears.

So the game will doubtless go on to more dangerous conclusions. The American public after listening to this international debate may make up its mind about Russia so universally that it will take a war or years of calm thought to change its mind. The Russians may make up their minds unalterably that we are just what they are now saying we are, an imperialist, plutocratic, belligerent nation, headed toward Fascism and bent on conquering the world.

There is only one cure for this, so far as Americans are concerned. We must learn to take it with a grain of salt, to see the absurdity of a contest in which both sides are unable to find out the truth about each other; America because we are not allowed to, and Russia because she will not.

H. S.

A Political Glossary for the Uninitiated

By Sloan Wilson

RUSSIANS are Red.
They wear beards.

Communists want to kill everybody.
Socialists are the same thing.

Republicans are good,
And Democrats bad,
Or vice versa.

The English are snobs,
The French immoral,
The Germans brutal,
Italians weak,
And the Dutch wear wooden shoes.

Japs are screwy.
War is bad.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bookseller to Bookseller

SIR: Those who have been its beneficiaries will welcome your editorial approval of the *Publishers' Weekly* scheme (*SRL* June 1) by which the antiquarian booksellers of the United States have sent packages of food to their colleagues in Great Britain. My own came, whether by design or the luck of the draw, from someone who was already an old friend. It was thoughtfully selected (it contained rice, for instance, which England has not seen for years) and carefully packed, which is much more trouble than just paying a bill. But I can bear witness, from the many comments I have heard in the trade, to the lively—perhaps even livelier—appreciation of these generous gifts which is engendered by the receipt of a package from a total stranger. Certainly there could be no more auspicious way of making an acquaintance.

Perhaps the most revealing remark of all was made by the recipient of a package sent by a dealer of whom, professionally, he strongly disapproved. "I've always thought him a so-and-so," he said, "but he must have some good in him after all."

Don't believe those who tell you that we don't know, or don't appreciate, the efforts America is making to help feed the rest of the world. But it's true that a carton of provisions in the hand is a more telling piece of evidence than a hundred newspaper stories; and Mr. Jacob Blanck and his friends have proved it again.

JOHN CARTER.

Scribners,
23 Bedford Square,
London W.C. 1

How Do You Pronounce "Lilacs"?

SIR: How did Walt Whitman pronounce "lilacs"?

The CBS broadcast of part of Paul Hindemith's setting of the poem "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" a few weeks ago brought the question vividly to my attention.

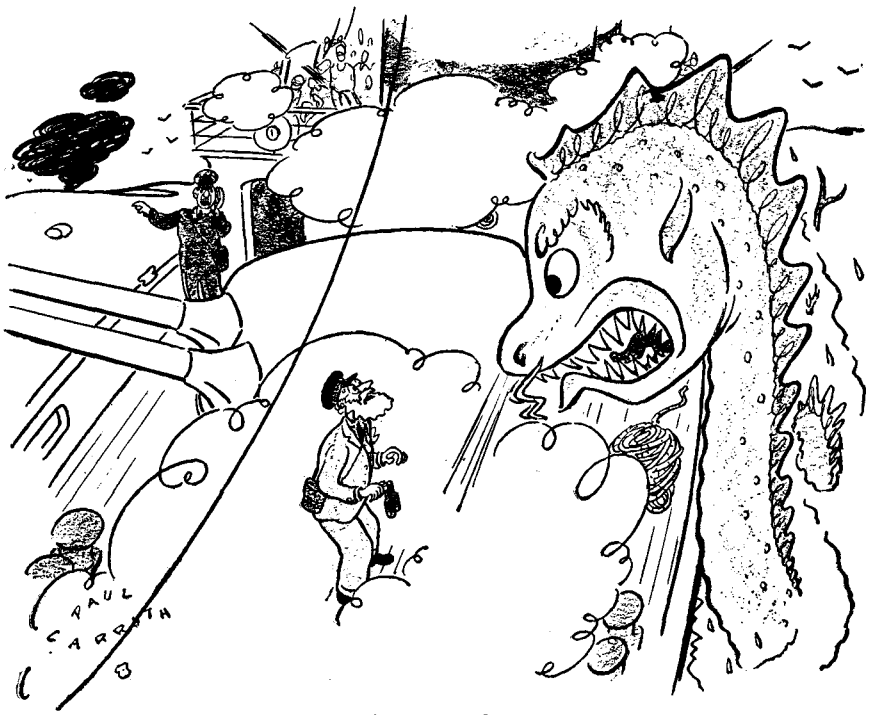
As others may have noted, the announcer began by pronouncing the word "lilocks," and later—somewhat uncomfortably, it seemed—changed to "lilacks," with the short *a*. An inquiry to CBS brought a letter from James H. Fassett, Supervisor of Music, saying that the change was made at his direction. Incidentally, it was also noticeable that Chester Watson, the baritone soloist, pronounced the word with the broad *a*. Mr. Fassett is a New Englander and says he has always pronounced the word, and heard it pronounced, with the short *a*, and that is the way my New England friends also pronounce it. They have the authority of Webster—himself a New Englander—for their preference.

However, Whitman was not a New Englander but a New Yorker, and I have reason to think (and certainly hope) that he pronounced the word with the broad second syllable. My grandparents, who came to southern Michigan from New York State, and who, like many other Americans, as *The New York Times* commented editorially May 12, took lilac cuttings with them when they moved westward, always pronounced it with the broad second syllable. Mr. Fassett comments that he knows many people in New York State and New Jersey who pronounce it so. I recall that Richard Ely Danielson, writing in the *Atlantic* some years ago, called his story, which was related to Whitman and this poem, "Laylocks."

No doubt the late Logan Pearsall Smith, in whose home the poet often visited, could have settled the matter. There must be others still alive who have authentic knowledge of Whitman's speech. It has been rightly said that if Whitman had written nothing but this poem his name would have endured forever. How he pronounced the word that conveys so much of the emotional value of the poem to Americans (who, as the *Times* comments, long ago took this beautiful shrub to their hearts) therefore seems of some moment.

DOROTHY TYLER.

Minneapolis, Minn.



"No, no, professor, the atomic bomb is on *this* side."

Exit the Lunar Rainbow

SIR: Lunar rainbows are not quite so rare as they seem to be. Given a moon in the night sky (whether new, half, or full), a shower, and an observer, with all of them bearing the proper spatial relationship to one another, then a lunar rainbow occurs. They should be less common than solar rainbows only because of the restricted numbers of hours a month during which the moon is up.

The rarity of their occurrence is, then, apparent only, and stems from the observer's eyes, which are not sensitive enough to see nine out of ten, and perhaps ninety-nine out of one hundred, of the lunar rainbows which occur. They will always be too dim to be perceived, unless special circumstances pertain:

a. The moon is very bright.

b. The rainbow appears against a very dark background, so that it is in strong contrast.

c. The observer is fully dark-adapted. This requires that he shall have been out of artificial illumination for *at least* twenty minutes, and preferably a half hour.

Very probably all three conditions must be satisfied for observation of a lunar rainbow.

The white, or pearly, appearance is also a consequence of the idiosyncrasies of the human eye: the so-called night eye (scotopic vision, to be technical) is color blind. All the colors of the spectrum appear in lunar, just as in solar, rainbows, but the observer can't distinguish them, and they all appear as shades of gray.

W. S. VERPLANCK,
Lieutenant H(S) USNR.

New London, Conn.

SIR: The longer and longer this mystical chain grows
The greater I tend, as a reader, to brain-doze;
If you have any more, please consign to the drain those
Yarns about half-glimpsed lunar rainbows.

DWIGHT BOEHM.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Home of Reader's Digest

SIR: I send for your consideration the following "Thoughts on reading Dixon Wecter's Review of 'Little Wonder' (*SRL* June 15)":

D. Wecter has us Chappaquaians *RES*-entful:
That Bean Stalk grows in Chappaqua, not Pleasantv'lle.

F. H. CLUM.

Chappaqua, N. Y.

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Valor Is Not Enough

THE DAZZLING CRYSTAL. By Janet Schane. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. 1946. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

AMONG the projects I plan as part of an heroic agenda for my declining years is the rehabilitation of the word *sophisticated.* For a long time now it has been on the town, until it has become one of the most beat-up little old words I know. For one thing, it has no business hanging around cocktail parties and martini-spas, staying up late with old *modern,* a word which obviously hasn't more than a year to live, *smart,* another etymological wreck, and *chic,* a French emigrant which works in department stores. They are all overworked and misused, that crowd, but I am especially distressed about *sophisticated.* It was a sweet, pretty word when it first came to the city, and now it has circumflexes under its *i*'s.

All of which brings me to "The Dazzling Crystal," a first novel by Janet Schane. When I was given it for this review the first thing I did was to read the publisher's blurb. There was a time in my life when I wrote them, carefully putting one word after another, setting out the decoys. Even now I find myself reading them, somewhat in the mood of an ex-stripper watching a burlesque show. I read, "This is a sophisticated modern novel . . ." and then, a little further on: "Set against the moderately feverish background of New York publishing circles (*Come now, Nurse, have another look at that thermometer. Hold it up to the light.*) and the concomitant glitter of fashionable conversation and living." It was right there I stopped, feeling, like the throb of an old wound, a concomitant, posterior pain. And my heart went out to the author, coming up to bat with two strikes against her.

I wish that this review, like "The Dazzling Crystal," might have a happy ending, that I could honestly say that the author had conquered her medium. As it is, I should like to cite Miss Schane for valor, the valor that is one of the causes of the book's failure, the valor which impelled her to select one of the most formidable themes in literature, namely, the inverted triangle. For the heroine of "The Dazzling Crystal" struggles to displace not The Other Woman in her husband's life, but The Other Man.

Judith Forrester came to New York from New England, from an academic grove. She had had a small success as illustrator for children's books, and she was fortunate, at the start, to begin meeting The Right People. Candid, simple, and idealistic, she met and fell in love with Nicky Hoffman, a successful novelist, whose work reflected the cynicism which was his protective coloration. When his guarded diffidence toward her melted on one New Year's Eve, she accepted his proposal of marriage.

Enter Mephistopheles in the elegant person of Mark Sauter, man-about-town, covert homosexual, and successful publisher. Bewildered by Nicky's cool hostility toward Sauter, once his publisher, and by Mark's subtle, persistent attempts to reëstablish the broken emotional bond with Nicky by enchanting his wife, Judith becomes a sort of Persephone in a Season in Hell. She wanders through cocktail and dinner parties, troubled and traumatic, innocently beaming upon Nicky the fallen angel, as he offers polite insults to an imperturbable Mephistopheles.

It was at this point that I wished that Miss Schane's publishers had given me a stereopticon instead of that blurb. It would have helped to give some of the personnel of these parties the third dimension. Most of them seemed to be too cliché, a lot of them suffered from esthete's foot, and all of them appeared to parrot obediently what the author expected them to say, rather than what they would actually be saying had they been alive. I began having an illusion that the page I was reading was coated, and an impression that someone was being daring in one of the women's magazines. These are harsh words, I know, but as a sojourner who has often found himself set against "the moderately feverish background of New York publishing circles" I feel that I may speak with some validity.

The climax comes when Judith accidentally overhears a conversation between Nicky and Mark which makes explicit their former cruel fellowship. Nicky flees to the Connecticut wilds to find himself, and Judith resigns herself to loneliness and disillusionment. At the book's end the author disposes of all difficulties by the death of Mark and the regeneration of Nicky.

It was a gallant mistake on Miss Schane's part to choose so demanding a theme, to go out for bear, as it were, without being loaded for it. Valor does not help, nor delicacy, nor writing from the right side of the heart, as she did. It takes more than that to bring such arrogant material under a writer's hand. Above all, it takes sophistication.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS CONCERNED WITH BOTTLES

The characters in this week's quiz were more or less concerned with bottles. Can you name the stories in which they appeared and the authors who created them? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer and a bonus of 5 if you can also name the characters, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 27.

1. This Hawaiian bought for two centimes a bottle which would provide untold wealth for its owner while he lived and eternal damnation after he died and which could only be sold at a loss.
2. Two bottles of relish provided this brilliant Oxford graduate with the clue to the disappearance of a murder victim's body.
3. This 10-year-old boy supported himself by washing and labeling empty wine bottles for six shillings a week.
4. In a very shabby antique shop this New York office clerk bought for five bucks a bottle containing a jinn who subsequently provided him with a palace and a number of well-decorated tiger skins.
5. This alcoholic hid a bottle of whisky in the chandelier and couldn't remember it afterwards.
6. This dear old lady reserved for special guests a bottle of homemade elderberry wine to which she had added a teaspoon of arsenic, a half teaspoon of strychnine, and just a pinch of cyanide.
7. Though strictly WCTU, this elderly spinster always had on hand a bottle of blackberry cordial for emergencies.
8. Indispensable to the proper functioning of this elderly female nurse was a bottle of gin on the mantlepiece, which she sampled when so disposed.
9. Sunlight focused through a bottle of moonshine fired off the shot gun which killed this old-time Virginia bootlegger inside a locked room.
10. A cocktail made from a bottle of Slivovitz he had bought in the Carpathians magically transported this journalist to Hungary for a four-hour interval, where he fell in love with a delectable gypsy.

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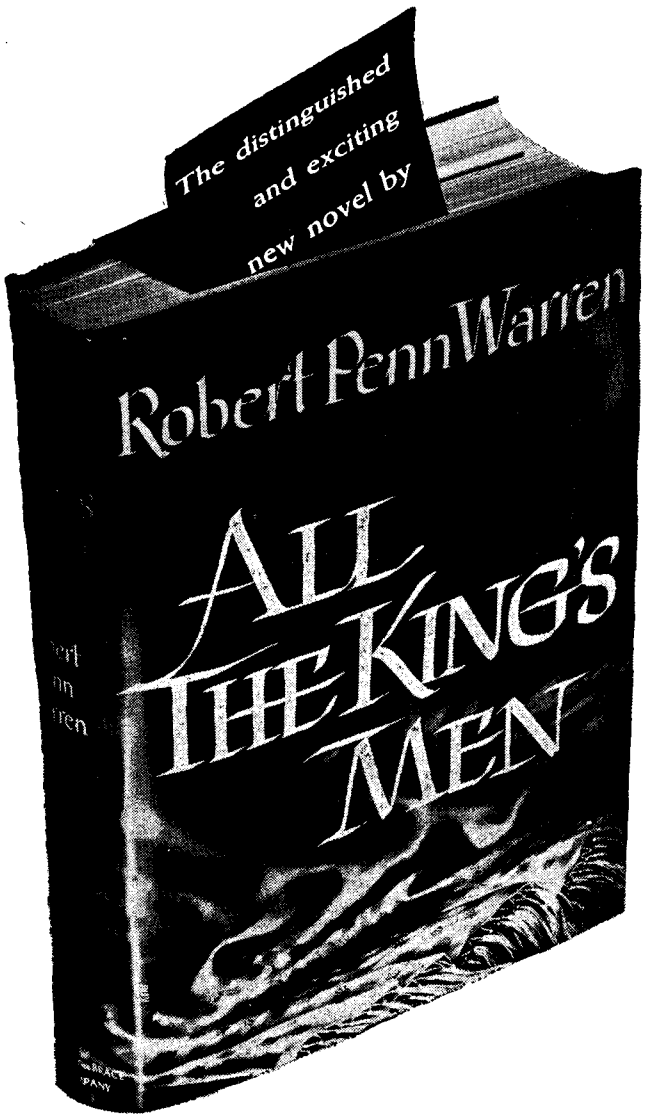
WRITERS—TEACHERS—CRITICS

unite in praising **ALL THE KING'S MEN**



ROBERT PENN WARREN teaches English at the University of Minnesota. He has written two important novels, *Night Rider* and *At Heaven's Gate,* three volumes of poetry, a biography, and many critical essays.

SINCLAIR LEWIS says: "For his poetry and for his two earlier novels, Robert Penn Warren has had distinguished appreciation, but with *All the King's Men* he emerges as probably the most talented writer of the South and certainly as one of the most important writers in the whole country; as one of the ten or fifteen—maybe one of the five or six—at the top."

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON: "The first novel of Pulitzer Prize quality this year."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH: "The finest piece of fiction produced in this decade. The political theme is handled with verve and authority, and is deeply conceived in terms of underlying moral issues of universal concern. The central person, the Boss, is a brilliant character creation—powerful, fascinating and convincing in spite of the subtle complication of his motives . . . It places Warren in a class with our greatest living masters and definitely at the head of his immediate contemporaries in the field of fiction."

PAUL ENGLE: "There has been no fiction like it in years, nothing with such force and variety and imagination."

GEORGE R. STEWART: "A brilliant piece of work."

MALCOLM COWLEY: "It takes hold of you on the first page and doesn't let go."

WILLARD THORP: "Markedly superior to any novel published in this country in recent years."

GRANVILLE HICKS: "It is one of the very best novels of political life that I have ever read, but it is more than a novel of the social scene, for Warren has been wise enough and courageous enough to tackle the social problem, the moral problem, and the philosophical problem all together."

DONALD DAVIDSON: "One of the most powerful novels ever written by an American. I doubt whether any other American novelist has so sure an insight into the rich complex of issues that lie at the heart of our life, especially in the South, and, at the same time, so masterly and so objective a command of the full resources of modern pure fiction."

THEODORE SPENCER: "I particularly admire the way he has controlled his narrative and communicated excitement; his characters are vividly conceived, and their behavior implicitly judged according to a wise standard of values. And the book has a full and rich texture which makes it delightful—this is true both of the style and the accumulation of character and incident."

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TRADE Winds

CHARLES JACKSON, whose forthcoming novel, "The Fall of Valor," has been hailed by one advance reader as "an American 'Death in Venice'," says that once before Thomas Mann played an important part in his life. In 1929, Jackson contracted a serious case of tuberculosis, and insisted upon being sent to the sanitarium in Davos, Switzerland, to be cured. A specialist there inquired: "Why did you come all the way over here, Mr. Jackson? A dozen places in your own United States would have been just as good for you." Jackson explained that he decided on Davos after reading Mann's "The Magic Mountain." "*After* reading 'The Magic Mountain,'" echoed the flabbergasted doctor. "You crazy Americans! In Davos, everybody is *furious* with Thomas Mann. The owners of the sanitarium feel that he has given them a bad name, and overemphasized the immorality of their patients. The innkeepers feel he has driven away the healthy tourists who came for the winter sports. The sentiment against him is so strong that when his son came to the boys' school here, he had to enroll under an assumed name!"

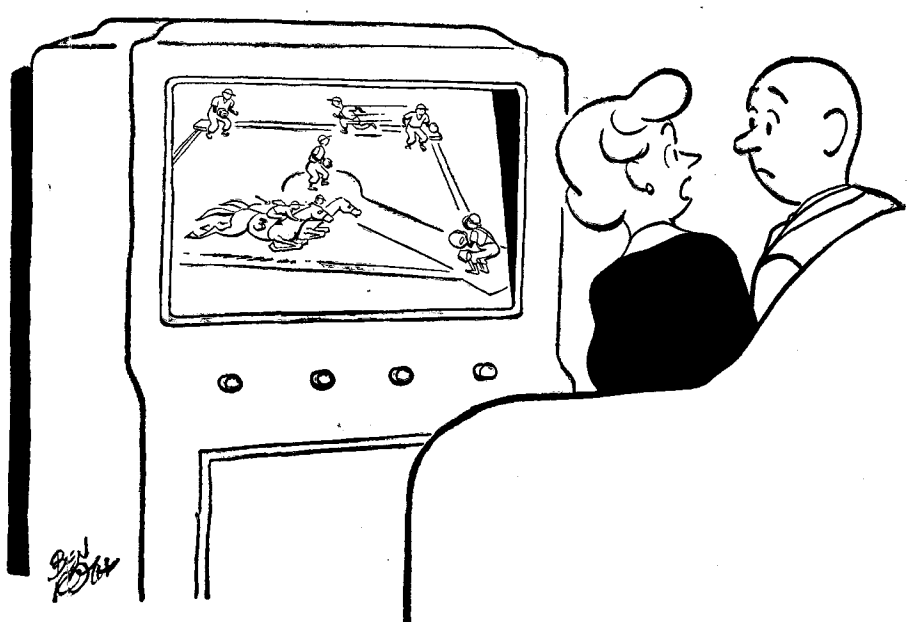
Jackson remained at Davos for over three years, and came home cured. Incidentally, he already has completed three chapters of a third novel, although his second one is not yet published. "That's my way of keeping from worrying about what the critics and public will say about 'The Fall of Valor,'" he explains. Judging by the advance sale and preliminary reports, he has nothing to fear. "The Lost Weekend" is still rolling along too; it crossed the 110,000 mark recently. . . .

GEORGE OPPENHEIMER, once a pillar of the Viking Press, then of the Signal Corps, is back writing scripts for MGM, which is a very good break for MGM. Harry Ruby lured him to a professional baseball game the other day. "Due to my briefing," reports Ruby, "he went through the game yelling to the pitcher. 'That's throwing the old ball in there, Christy!' I hate to think what he's going to do to me when he finds out Mathewson is dead." . . . A. C. Spectorsky, who jumped from *The Chicago Sun* to Twentieth Century-Fox, is contributing a lively weekly column to his old paper. He is authority for the story of a Hollywood producer who wired his New York representative to buy the rights to a certain novel for $15,000. Due to an error in transmission, the wire read "$50,000" instead of $15,000). The New York office wired back: "At last we have discovered a satisfied agent. He thinks fifty is a very fair price." The master mind on the coast promptly replied, "If he is so satisfied with fifty, try and get it for forty." The deal was concluded at that figure. . . . If you are interested in the efforts of the serious authors in Hollywood to improve the standards of the country's film fare, I call your attention to *The Screen Writer*, published by the Screen Writer's Guild, at 1655 North Cherokee, Hollywood 28. Send a quarter.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER editors are throwing their hats in the air over Peg Halsey's new book, "Color Blind." It is scheduled for October. . . . Dale Warren is now devoting himself to full-time editorial work for Houghton Mifflin, and Diggory Venn has replaced him as director of publicity. (Wasn't that the name of the reddleman in Hardy's "The Return of the Native"?). . . . The headliner of an exceptionally strong Putnam fall list will be Sholem Asch's new novel, "East River," the story of a single street in New York at the turn of the century. . . . In Rumania today, writes Philip Hodge, the big best seller is "Un Fom Creste in Brooklyn," by one Betty Smith. It is priced at twelve thousand lei, which, at today's rate, is exactly thirty cents. . . . Eric Bentley's "The Playwright as Thinker" (Reynal and Hitchcock) is breezy, provocative, and intolerant. Mr. Bentley has a very low opinion of current practitioners on Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard, and said practitioners are proving once again that they will buy any book that damns them in sufficiently intemperate terms. (Mr. Bentley characterizes Eugene O'Neill, Clifford Odets, and Thornton Wilder as "promising.") . . .

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1919, the *Manchester Guardian* reproduced a political cartoon from the *Sydney* [Australia] *Bulletin.* Arnold Bennett wrote the editor: "I do not know who this cartoonist is, but if the press-lords of this country had any genuine imagination, they would get him to London on the next steamer."

The proprietors of the *London Star* decided that a tip from Arnold Bennett was worth heeding, and they signed up the young cartoonist immediately. His name was David Low, creator of Colonel Blimp, and today the most famous political cartoonist in the world. . . . Most of you probably have heard what Oliver Herford said when he was asked to evaluate the work of Arnold Bennett: "I'm afraid that something I once wrote about Mr. Bennett in a critical way so prejudiced me against him that I never read another word he wrote." . . . Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" remains, year in and year out, one of the most popular novels in the Modern Library, and, for my money, his "Imperial Palace" (the Savoy in London) is the greatest story about a metropolitan hotel ever written. . . . One of the famous scenes in "The Old Wives' Tale" describes a public execution. In his review of the novel,



"Darling, you must have two stations on at the same time!"

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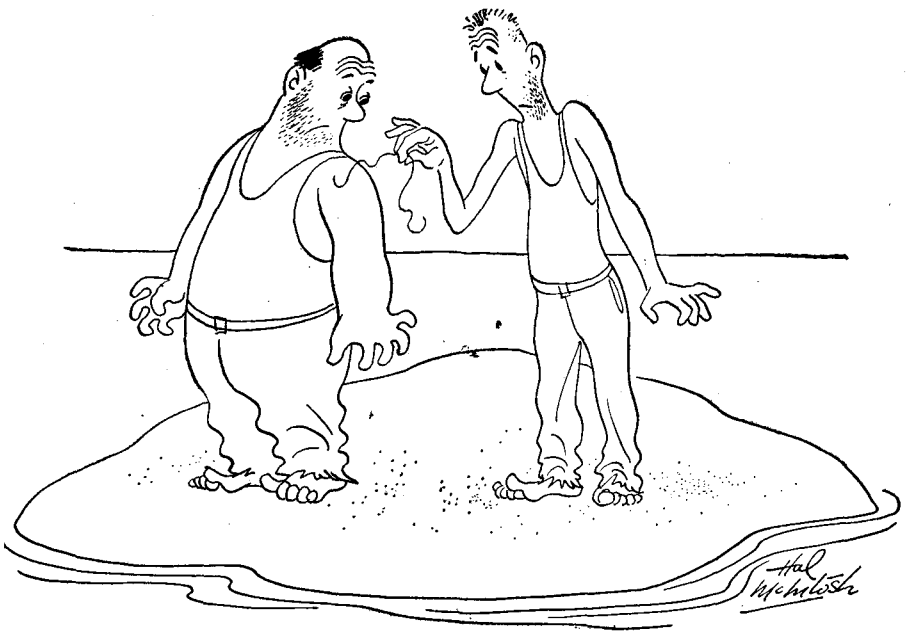


Frank Harris said it was clear that the author never had witnessed such a ceremony, and was the victim of a distorted imagination. Harris then proceeded to tell what an execution *really* was like, and his account was so terrifying and explicit that Bennett wrote him, "If your description only had appeared before mine, I assuredly would have utilized it. Of course, you have discovered my secret. I never *have* witnessed an execution." Harris replied, "Neither have I." . . .

NEW TITLES in Viking's rapidly-expanding Portable Library: a Mark Twain, edited by Bernard de Voto; a Rabelais, edited by Samuel Putnam; a Thomas Wolfe, edited by Maxwell Geismar. . . . F. P. A. has confided to Myra Thompson that when he was a child he firmly believed that the first line of "The Star Spangled Banner" was "Osage Kansas City." . . . John Marquand's new novel, "B. F.'s Daughter," will be the Literary Guild selection for November. . . . Orson Welles was a dinner guest at the home of Louis B. Mayer, who introduced him with a cheery "I'm sure you all have met a genius or two—but Mr. Welles is a *very clever* genius." . . . Frank Crowninshield defines a platonic lover as "a man who holds the egg shells while somebody else eats the omelette." . . . Gertrude Lawrence's "A Star Danced" and Nancy Mitford's "The Pursuit of Love" will be filmed, very properly, in England. Both properties were acquired by John Sutro, of Ortus Productions. . . . Good news from Morrow: a new edition of "Serena Blandish," written by Enid Bagnold before "National Velvet" made her famous in America. When "Serena Blandish" first appeared here, the title page read simply, "By a Lady of Quality." Later, S. N. Behrman dramatized it, and Ruth Gordon and Henry Daniell played it to the hilt.

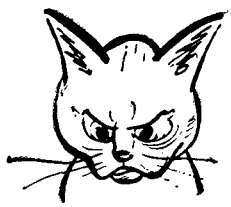
JOHN WOODBURN poses this problem: A single railroad track, upon which two trains are approaching each other hopelessly, relentlessly, each maintaining a constant speed of 100 m.p.h. At the throttle of Train A is a Norwegian engineer. At B's throttle is a drunk. All evidence notwithstanding, the trains do not collide. Why? Because Norse is Norse, and Souse is Souse, and never the twain shall meet. . . . Harry Taylor in Jennings Lodge, Oregon, heard an evangelist telling his tent audience what a great thing it would be if one living man could honestly say he did not have an enemy in the world. A doddering octogenarian struggled to his feet, and declared, "I'm your man! I haven't a single enemy!" "Wonderful!" exclaimed the evangelist. "Won't you tell the congregation the philosophy that enabled you to compile such a record?" "Nothing to it," cackled the old man. "I just outlived every blank blank one of 'em!" . . .

AT LUNCH WITH John Meeker at the Harvard Club, he told me proudly, "I was sitting at this very spot when the late Edmund Pearson, author of 'Studies in Murder,' came up one day and asked to be introduced. Naturally I was flattered, but said, "Are you sure you are not mistaking me for somebody else?' 'Not at all,' answered Pearson. 'You're the fellow I want all right. For the last three afternoons in succession I've seen you sound asleep in that chair with a copy of my book open on your lap. What's it worth to you, young man, to switch to something else?'"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

(The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of anybody. He's on vacation—and we've asked Rhubarb, the cat, to write this week's column.)



MAMA! Fetch the DDT bomb! Them literary critics are loose around here again!

Get that one right there! Pesky scamp name of Merle Miller, writing in the Saturday Review of The Atom Bomb. He says **Rhubarb** ain't no good. He says it ain't funny. Make an unprintable noise, Mama!

This Merle Miller says the only real funny writing people in this country are employed by The New Yorker. You know, Mama, that magazine we get tells you all about what shows are playing where.

Well, looky here! This Merle Miller varmint says **Rhubarb** is vulgar. Suppose he means that stuff I put in about sex. Seems like I made a mistake again there. Seems like everybody's allowed to put in about sex except humorists. Here I been going around thinking sex was funny, thinking sex was the funniest thing in life —every aspect and angle of it. I been going around watching people laugh like mad about sex and I even seen lots of highly moral people snigger and snicker when the least little sex thing comes along. (Here comes another bale of money, Mama. Throw it over there in the corner.)

Took me quite a while to figure out, but now I know. You sit down and write about sex, write real purty about it, so the folks that read your book will get all excited and wrought up and passions inflamed and all that, and it's okay. Art, I think they call it. But don't you dare ever try to write about it with nothing else in mind but getting a laugh. No, sir! Don't you dare, you filthy, vulgar thing! You go on and be funny about Life, but only hats and grass and bicycles and stuff like that, and leave the sex stuff to the fellas that know how to give it the old zing, so people can read it and then bite the ends off of broomsticks. That's the way it is.

And listen, Mama. Don't you leave me get sore at all them old ladies. I almost did while ago. I got to thinking about them, and I remembered what Tom O'Reilly had in PM. About the Dodger fan who was asked for his opinion of the Giants. He said: "The Giants! Them scum!"

Know any good clean stories, Mama?

Rhubarb

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

NUREMBERG—THE AGE OF JACKSON—PART II

A SORRIER group of men than those who had found their Valhalla in the Nuremberg dock could scarcely be imagined. The prison pallor—that pallor which can reduce the most florid complexion to a whiteness not unlike a fish's belly—was upon them. They were to what they had been in the films shown downstairs what the shell is to the locust. Their bodies, like their authority, had shriveled. Only the cruelty in their faces remained undwindled. Inescapable as this was, it was insufficient to encompass their mass crimes. They had lean, though not hungry, looks. It was not so much that they had become thin as that they had ceased to be gross. The change in their diet did not end with a different menu. They were nourished by what they had eaten but starved for that which they had once fed on. Adversity had whittled away their persons no less than their powers.

Their meetings in the dock, before the judges entered or left the court room, were their major opportunities for conversing among themselves. No matter how they may have felt about each other (and there were those who insisted that not one of them would be left to bring to judgment, were each of these men handed a pistol and turned loose in the prison courtyard), their public encounters were models of German military etiquette. Each morning, as they filed in with M.P.'s sandwiched between them or entered singly trailed by a single M.P., they clicked their heels, or bowed slightly from the waist, in salutation. Their ceremonious politeness to each other was the more grotesque, considering the millions who would not remember them for their manners.

The clothes they wore in the court room, they were permitted to wear only there. The minute they returned to their cells, through the boarded passageway connecting the court house with the jail, they changed into their prison garments. These were without suspenders or neckties and such trimmings as might aid a man in hanging himself. The Judases of this earth do not all take to a leafy tree, or have one named after them.

In the film recording the glory they had known most of the defendants were costumed for their sadism. They wore uniforms of a flamboyance beyond a state trooper's dreams. Yet only three of the men in the dock suggested by their dress the armed strength of the Germany they had misled.

Doenitz and Raeder were not among these. Clothes may make the man, but the conquering hero can owe as much to the imagination of his tailor as to the lack of it in his foes. Out of uniform these two former Grand Admirals were worse than commonplace; they were contemptible. They were sunk entirely. Any distinction their uniforms may have given them was scuttled by their loss. Doenitz in particular was a sorry sight. His body was small, his mouth weak, his eyes were shifty. He was a mole caught at last above ground in the daylight. If the Nazi fleet had not produced him, David Low would have invented him. As a counterfeiter he might have been convincing; as a naval figure he was nonexistent.

Keitel, Jodl, and Goering were the three defendants still in uniform. The suits of the others were German in cut. In color they varied from dull browns, blues, and black to Frick's startled gray tweeds. Against their will and in spite of their hopes, these defendants had been reduced to civilians once more. To most of them the process would never have seemed an elevation. Having raised huge armies, they now had to content themselves with the khaki of the two M.P.'s who guarded the door leading to their cells, of the seven M.P.'s who stood rigidly behind them, and the vigilant one who faced them, flanking Goering's right in the front row of the dock. They were trim figures, these young M.P.'s, with their glistening white helmets, their white belts, white gloves, and gaiters. They were ever-present reminders; symbols not to be taken lightly, that the forces once commanded by these leaders were shrunken, that their uniforms had changed color, and the command had shifted unalterably.

—*Associated Press.*

"Justice Jackson . . . has sought by legal means to have international aggression take its place among recognized crimes."

Goering wore the light gray, double-breasted Field Marshal's uniform of his own designing; Jodl and Keitel the Wehrmacht's olive green. Being stripped of their insignia and decorations, these three uniforms had a clipped, shamed, and mangy look. They were uniforms, yet they were not. They had the bare feeling of a room, otherwise furnished, in which the rugs, curtains, and lamps were missing.

Although a broken man, Keitel remained a proud Prussian in behavior and manner. Frederick would have recognized a quality in him no less surely than he would have been horrified — and embarrassed — by the others. Spiritually, the monocle was still in Keitel's eyes. A Tyrolean cap on Jodl's bald head, and a stein in his hand, would have equipped him as a singing waiter in any Bavarian restaurant.

Among all the defendants Goering alone appeared to be enjoying himself—and the show. His was the corner seat in the front row, facing the visitors' gallery, and, far more important, nearest the correspondents' section. No matter how great the stakes, the stage was his, and Goering was ham enough to revel in the realization. He was an extrovert who did not care about the noose which might hang about his neck, or the bullets which might pierce his hide, so long as the eyes of the world were on his person. They were. And he rejoiced in that fact.

His gray tunic dangled as loosely from his shoulders as the wrap-around of a delivered mother. But, though vastly reduced, Goering remained a fat man in his manner. He still employed the fat man's gestures; gestures wide enough to be free of the body they had once had to clear. He continued to play a diabolical Falstaff even after the curtain was down and most of his padding had been removed.

He stood out because of his anima-

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tion. He had his eyes on history no less than on his audience. They were eyes that shone as coldly as the sun on icebergs. The leonine countenance from which they gleamed had power. It caught the attention as much as it played for it. What is more, it held it. Because, in spite of the shocking brutishness of this face, it was capable of a coarse, cruel joviality which took possession of the withered remnants of Goering's jowls, and showed in the wide, loose spread of his lips. His was an alert, intelligent, and commanding face. It was undefeated. It registered its ever-changing emotions, and registered them at once. Moreover, it projected them so that at a distance it was its own close-up.

Goering may have seemed bisected because of the dehydration prison life had forced upon him. Yet he appeared healthy. He did so in spite of the brown army rug in which, because of a slight sniffle, he would wrap his legs before sitting down, as if he were tucking himself in a steamer chair. Hess, with his wildly staring black eyes and the simper on his pale face of an animal painted by Rousseau, was also a blanket-wrapper. But he did not put on a show equal to Goering's. No one else in the dock did. The rest, with their lawyers' aid, ran like rats from their records, their responsibilities, and their Fuehrer. Not Goering, He was at any rate consistent. He could not bring himself to deny the importance which had been his by putting the blame on others. He continued to be true to his false colors. That was something.

Occasionally von Ribbentrop, looking very tired, would smile. His was a salesman's smile, easy and automatic. It had that neon quality of lighting up the façade. Yet there was something to it of the diplomat's dignity. It was not without charm; a charm which grew in illusion if for no other reason than that the features it brightened were of a type quite different from those of the other prisoners. They had less of the thug's thickness to them. They were both more thoughtful and more sensitive.

Very few of the others smiled at all. Once, when a German attorney described his client's advent in a conquered land as "God's blessing," all the prisoners snickered uneasily among themselves. They seemed to be as embarrassed by any mention of God's name as they were amused by their attorney's audacity. Rosenberg, to be sure, moved restlessly on the bench. He bit his nails. Or scratched his neck. Or looked at his hands again and again as if they belonged to someone else. But most of the other prisoners sat grimly, stolidly.

They listened with their earphones

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on, as we did who were there as transients in the visitors' gallery. As the members of the press did in the reserved section at the end of the court room below us. As the Allied prosecutors or their staffs did at the long tables just in front of us. As did the gowned German defense attorneys at their desks directly in front of the dock. As did the court recorders facing them. And as the eight justices of the Tribunal also did as they sat, huddled over their papers, behind the bench opposite the defendants.

We all listened. We all listened as, over the multi-lingual speaking apparatus, the interpreters behind glass panels just beyond the dock droned simultaneous translations of the proceedings in Russian, German, French, and English. To hear them, you could manipulate the dial on the armrest beside you, radio-wise, to get the language of your choice.

It was undeniably exciting when, at ten in the morning or at two in the afternoon on each of the two days I was there, an American voice called out "Attenshun!" and the judges entered the court. The whole room rose to its feet, including the defendants, to show respect to Justice and the Law. Since both the Law and the Justice were in this case international, the defendants' recognition of it, though immediate at each sitting, must be described as tardy.

The judges took their places on their high-backed chairs. These chairs, being wine-colored as were all the other seats in the court room except the bare wooden benches in the dock, stood out against the light green velvet curtains which hid the dark paneling behind them. Against this light green background the bright colors of the flags of Russia, France, the United States, and Great Britain also stood out. These flags were placed so that each of them rested behind and between the two judges who represented each of the four powers conducting the Tribunal.

Above the whole room hung two sets of lights. One was fluorescent. It created an illumination as impersonal as the law, and was used except when a new witness or attorney spoke. Then the other system suddenly flooded on. Journalism can scarcely be more yellow than it was. And some of the defendants, including Goering of course, often went through the act of whipping out their dark glasses to protect their vision, now grown so sensitive.

The two Russians of the Tribunal were, perhaps not unsurprisingly, in uniform. They were youngish men, serious and silent. The gold of their shoulder boards blazed in the room. The British judges, who sat next to them, did not wear the powdered wigs they might have worn at home. Yet they were as English, especially Lord Justice Geoffrey Lawrence—the Tribunal's President—as the Old Bailey, the Lord High Chancellor, or the legal interludes in Dickens and Galsworthy. Francis Biddle, lean, aristocratic, and almost dapper, was a Philadelphian who might have sat for Sir Thomas Lawrence. He was as different from Judge Parker of our Court of Appeals as the Main Line is from the Tar Heel State. Both, nonetheless, were unmistakably Americans. And Americans of whom we could be proud. As for the French members of the Tribunal, they, with their long starched white cravats cutting the fronts of their black gowns, were straight out of Daumier.

WHEN I was in Nuremberg, it was supposed to be the dull season. The trial had dragged on for nine months beyond the three that some had thought it would take. It had lost its novelty. Its first sensationalism was exhausted. The world was hot on the trail of new murders. It was feeding its tabloid hungers elsewhere, on more local horrors. The prosecution had by then presented its case against the individual offenders, though not against the Nazi organizations. This was to come later. The defendants were silent. One after another I heard their lawyers take the stand, trying to defend the indefensible. In true Teutonic fashion they indulged—at least until challenged dryly by the Tribunal's President—in hazy harangues on "The Renaissance," "The French Revolution," "Subjectivism," "Darwinism," and "The Development of the History of Intellectual Pursuits in Europe." Or, most unmilitarily, they sought to clear their clients by insisting that they could not be held responsible for all the orders they had signed.

No doubt the proceedings were becalmed. To me, however, they were

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anything but dull. They could claim a drama unmatched in the contemporary world, and a significance equaled only by the recent international conferences. Of these they were a vital part. So far as the plans for peace went, they were as yet one of their most hopeful flowerings.

Perhaps, quite naturally, my first interest, like everyone else's, was the men in the dock. I found it hard to take my eyes off them. Why not? They were villains in the most villainous scenario history has known. About them was something much more sinister than even that strange fascination which all criminals at the bar possess. These men were the wicked—and the mighty—fallen. They were disrupters not of single homes but of this planet. If convicted, they had only twenty-one lives with which to pay for the twelve-million deaths they were charged with causing, not to forget the universal misery and destruction they had brought about. Regardless of what fate might come their way after a fair trial, they could never make amends.

IT was exciting to go through the cellblock in which the prisoners were confined, led there, while they were in court, in Chinatown parties by Colonel Andrus. It was exciting to see the barbershop in which they were shaved daily with a safety razor by a trusted prisoner of war. It was exciting, too, to walk into their cells and survey their family photographs and personal effects. And no less exciting to observe the flimsy wooden table in each cell which would collapse if the occupant sought to escape through the single window. It gave one a strange sensation to look at the scant luggage these men had brought with them; to hear the routine of their waking and sleeping hours; and to know that they lived nakedly under constant surveillance of our guards who watch them through portholes in the cell doors. It was also interesting to be told that von Ribbentrop was the only one of the prisoners who was physically dirty, and punished himself by refusing to cleanse his own washbowl.

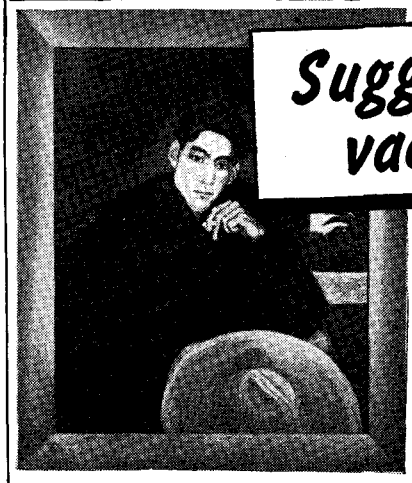
Yet such facts, however ghoulish, satisfying, or spine-tingling, were irrelevancies. These defendants might provide the thrills, but they could not supply the truest thrill. As men, they did not really matter. At least not any longer.

There were lawyers who questioned the legality of the whole proceedings. They were slaves to the dangerous principle that what had not been could never be. There were hotheads, too, who wondered, humanly, if it wouldn't have been simpler for our armies just to have lined these bastards up against the walls and shot them down. But, to my way of thinking, both of these factions missed the point.

The men who mattered at Nuremberg were not the defendants in the dock. They were the judges on the Tribunal. They were the governments of the Four Powers who had drawn up the charter and the members of the nineteen other nations who had subscribed to it. They were the Prosecutors. Above all, they were men, such as our own Mr. Justice Jackson, who had given the principles of the case their noblest statement.

Justice Jackson may not excel at either the banter or the mongoose tactics of a prosecutor. He is a jurist, not a district attorney. He is a man who has fought for a principle—a great principle—and defended it magnificently. He scored victories, which I trust may yet affect all of our living, when he made his opening address and his more recent summation.

"That four great nations," said he in his opening speech, "flushed with victory and stung with injury, stay the hand of vengeance and voluntarily submit their captive enemies to the judgment of the law is one of the



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Introduction by Kenneth Macgowan

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THE SCHOLAR and THE SPROUT

A novel by STODDARD B. COLBY. The scholar, Uncle Roger—a brilliant encyclopedist who knows all about terrestrial movements but has trouble finding his way home. The sprout, Ranny—the small boy who becomes his uncle's keeper in the everyday activities of staying alive on New York's treacherous streets of the early 1900's. Their story—"a great deal of charming characterization, warm feeling and a gently agreeable nostalgia . . . The sprout and the scholar are an engaging pair."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* *Illustrated.* $2.50

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most significant tributes that Power has ever paid to Reason."

Justice Jackson and his associates have battled to see that the law, instead of remaining static, grows to meet world needs. He has sought by legal means to have international aggression take its place among recognized crimes. He has emphasized the absurdity of subjecting petty malefactors to punishment while the great ones go scot-free. He has realized that the mortals he seeks to have punished are broken, miserable men whose individual fate is at present of little consequence. Yet Justice Jackson has been aware, as most people seem anxious to forget, that "these prisoners represent sinister influences that will lurk in the world long after their bodies have returned to dust."

He has felt the shame that we should all have felt because of what has been barbarous in a supposedly civilized age. He has admitted the reality that "in the long perspective of history the present century will not hold an admirable position unless its second half is to redeem its first." If we cannot eliminate the causes and prevent the repetition of the savage events which have branded these past two-score years as "the most bloody in all annals," he has insisted "it is not an irresponsible prophecy to say that this twentieth century may yet succeed in bringing the doom of civilization."

It is to prevent such a doom that the trial has dragged on and on amidst the warning ruins of Nuremberg. Although it may have exhausted our patience, it must have raised both our hopes and our self-respect.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Lady Into Snake

BLUE RIVER. By Mary Frances Doner. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 274 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE dominant theme of "Blue River" is jealousy, a sister's jealousy of anyone threatening to usurp her own place in the life and affections of her only brother. From Jeannette's point of view Anne's marriage to Stephen stole from her the only man who really mattered, and most of the tale is devoted to Jeannette's efforts to wreck the marriage by every insidious device known to a ruthless plotter. Other people of course come into the story, among them Anne's father, who had been a famous musician until his wife's desertion made a drunkard of him; Ben Hollis, for whom Anne experienced at times a strong physical passion difficult to conquer, and Leah Haworth, the woman who comforted Stephen when Jeannette succeeded in alienating him from Anne.

The action takes place in the river country near Detroit, with special emphasis upon a rapidly rising town destined to produce the remarkable new touring car invented by Stephen, a town of fine little homes to be populated by contented workers. (Could Blue River have been suggested by River Rouge?) Alas, the wicked machinations of Jeannette combine for a time with a cyclical financial depression to endanger the happiness of both Stephen and the town.

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FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 166

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 166 will be found in the next issue.

RALFBCR GD HPR DNPKKC

KS FLEQGET, LET HPRM OGCC

CRLZE LH EK KHPRZ.

R. WXZQR—KE L ZRVGNGTR

BRLNR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 165

Friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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She Is an Englishwoman

ABBIE. By Dane Chandos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 245 *pp.* $2.75.

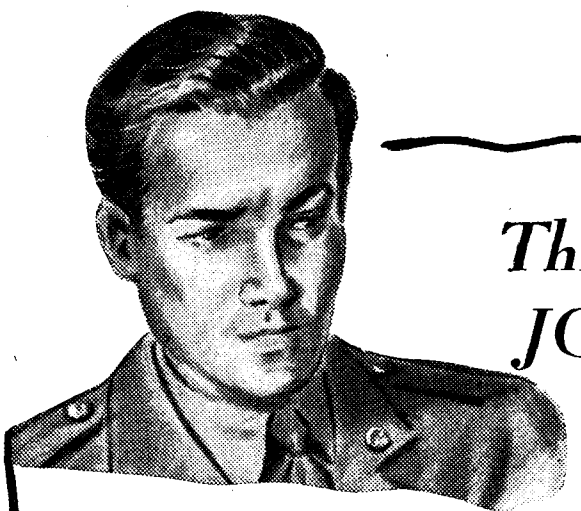
Reviewed by JULIA GRANT DIETZ

PERHAPS fortunately there could be few, if any, women in the world like Amy Abbott-Acland. Wickedly observant of her fellowmen, Abbie never misses a chance to remark their weaknesses—and in her eyes they are many. She is British from the top of her white head (always delicately tinted a different shade of blue) to the soles of her well-shod feet, and it is her conviction that the future of her nephew, whose misfortune it is to be half American, should have her guidance. Though widely traveled, as her notepaper collected from the hotels, embassies, and restaurants of the world indicates, she never forgets for an instant the supreme superiority of things British-made and British-done. A faithful Monday letter-writer, her correspondence with her nephew portrays the woman as no mere biographer could—a woman combining every quality that inspires one both to hate and to love her.

More than comfortably wealthy, Abbie is thrifty to a degree, an inveterate penny pincher, a practiced bargainer, whether ordering a gown from Worth or selling Armistice poppies, yet at the same time possessed of a bewildering generosity, particularly when it comes to children, of whom she has none of her own, and animals, of which she has a great many. Her energy is unbounded for her age, although one can never think of her as anything but ageless; an eager and ambidexterous tennis player disconcerting to both opponent and partner; an avid gardener in her own and other peoples' gardens, always carrying with her her trowel (hand-hammered in Prague) and pruning shears in case she sees some plant that needs tending or which would find a more comfortable home in her Sussex garden. Abbie's life is a series of excitements that would exhaust the average human but seem only sensible living to her. She hunted, and caught, live beaver near St. Cloud, rode a dromedary through the streets of Algiers bargaining with the native merchants as she went, ordered meals at exclusive restaurants with an éclat and firmness that could leave no headwaiter in doubt (also she invariably inspected the kitchen), made personal overtures to encourage the growing of flowers in the parks of London, thought nothing of having a fitting for an evening coat on the corner of Hay Hill, and escaped from France under the noses of the Huns, as she indignantly referred to them, with a van-load of refugee children and valuables which she had gathered en route.

Abbie's letters and her nephew's commentaries make savory reading. Her knowledge and incidental advice on anything from laxatives to governesses, all of whom she scorned indiscriminately, are refreshingly entertaining. Abbie is a truly dreadful woman, and yet for all her irritating and insular qualities—qualities epitomizing everything that Americans are inclined to regret in the British—there is no doubt that she is a charmer. At one moment you are ready to wring her neck and in the next you realize that the only sane thing to do is to throw up your hands and enjoy her. She is lovable and arrogant, humorous and annoying, clever and petty, snobbish and warmhearted, and always a complete individual. Her story is one of humor, irritation, and delight well told.

But Abbie has two faults. She stretches your credulity almost to the breaking point and there is too much of her for one long dose. In small quantities she is excellent tonic fare. In one draught the effect is inclined to be toxic. Nonetheless there is no one like her and her activities make excellent casual reading.



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Not Really Truly Rocks

A ROCK IN EVERY SNOWBALL. By Frank Sullivan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 220 pp. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

FRANK SULLIVAN dubbed his last previous collection of humorous oddments and whatnots "A Pearl in Every Oyster." This time it's "A Rock in Every Snowball." This is hardly true. There is nothing so unkind about any of these whimsies and byplays which first appeared in *The New Yorker* and a half dozen other magazines. Some of the snowballs are almost too fluffy to hold together, some are firm, a few are slushy; some hit the mark cleanly while others completely miss the dignified old gentleman's tall hat, but none are meanly packed.

Even when Mr. Arbuthnot, famed cliché expert, testifies, he does not seem to mean to be very bitter. His question and answer testimony on the Yuletide is gentle, on politics forbearing, on his health only mildly petulant, on radio advertising no more blatant than the object of his attack. Mr. Sullivan brought his expert up to date with testimony last November on the atom bomb. Reprinted here, it makes Mr. Arbuthnot sound very modern and alert, if not too amusing.

The affectionate abhorrence Mr. Arbuthnot's creator seems to have for the cliché does not extend to detestation of the hackneyed in subject. Humorous essays in this collection poke fun at women's hats, perfume, radio, and haberdashery advertising, gadgets and their inventors, Brooklyn taxi drivers, and legal jargon. A. P. Herbert once did much better by the last. There are also in "A Rock in Every Snowball" whimsical descriptions of trying to change a typewriter ribbon (the author gets entangled in the ribbon) and on the smallness of dance floors in night clubs.

Max Eastman, Stephen Leacock, all the other definitions of anyone else to the contrary, and though many of the types and techniques can be analyzed, there is no sure definition of humor. Benchley, Cobb, Artemus Ward, Thurber, or who else is a funny man and his productions are uproarious if you happen to think they are, or happen to be in a mood that finds a particular way of seeing and stating as humorous. Perhaps humor always needs a relief of drab sobriety to show to best advantage. Either it is difficult for a humorist to maintain his humor through the length of a volume collection of short pieces, or difficult for a reader to sustain risibilities which might have been sharply provoked had he found some of these passages bounded by the duller pages of a magazine.

Nothing in "A Rock in Every Snowball" is hard to read. Much of it makes pleasant light reading. The cliché expert is just as penetrating and gently satirical as he has always been, and he has been doing a public service for some time. "No More Stately Mansions, Please" gives today's perturbed reader to think in its opening paragraph which reads: "For some time now I have been reminding myself to gird my loins in preparation for the Postwar Era. I went through the last Postwar Era ungirded and have not been the same since. I came out of the army intact but the peace wrecked me. To date I have not attempted any girding for the coming years, the delay stemming from my being kind of vague about just what steps to take." There is point in more of this essay—until it suddenly becomes a description of how the building of one of New York's subways affected the author some years ago.

Many of the pieces in "A Rock in Every Snowball" have good quicksilver glint and movement. These show in some of the cliché expert's testimony, in parts of "A Garland of Ibids for Van Wyck Brooks," "A Guide to Good Will," "The Wolf Sentence" and "Jay Talking." The sentiment and avuncular impishness in some of the more serious offerings, especially those in which the author yearns toward children and childhood or reminisces nostalgically of Manhattan, give them more of a treacle flow. Shocked and a little saddened, Mr. Arbuthnot could find some really excellent material close to home.

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Another Occupation Story

AEGEAN ADVENTURE. By John Lodwick. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 214 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IT IS not a coincidence that Nazi-occupied islands more than other localities have caught the fancy of professional storytellers as a background of their tales about underground fighting and liberation. The tightly woven society of a small Mediterranean isle, where people know one another as well as do family members elsewhere, makes for a perfect chess board on which to move figures according to the laid-down rules.

The cast put in motion in this novel will be about as familiar to the reader as the invariably recurring characters of the *commedia dell' arte* must have been to Italian audiences in the seventeenth century. And as the swashbuckling *capitano*, or the black-robed *dottore*, was recognized then for what he was supposed to remain throughout the performance, the figures of this book will be identified with ease in their nature—and little doubt as to their ensuing behavior will beset your reading. Take, for instance, Herr Oberleutnant Wilhelm Brunner, naval officer in command of the island of Myrmyda—his very appearance gives him away as the grumpy, pensive old-timer who really doesn't like the Nazis. Or the faintly pompous village mayor who tries to hold his own halfway between collaboration and a show of self-respect. Or the prostitutes who display the stamina of heroines. You seem to have met those people before? Too bad.

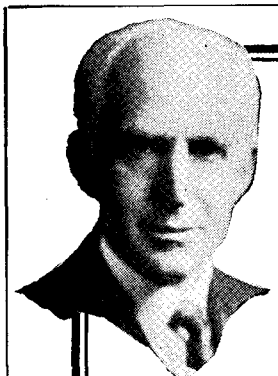
It *is* too bad that a competent and careful writer such as Mr. Lodwick should not have tried to invent more original characters for his swift-moving story which, though far from being original, has definite dramatic élan. It is, as you may have guessed, all about a Royal Navy raid on Myrmyda, the subsequent revenge the Germans take on innocent people for their own unpleasant experience, and the revenge the British take on the revengers.

The navy men are much better drawn than either the Germans or the islanders. And so is the man Tagartis, a refugee from the village whom the British use as an interpreter and guide. His "ambassadorial and imposing manner" when dealing with his countrymen provide the story with some humor and some much-needed naturalness. He is about the only character that commands the reader's interest as a human being. Marina, the Herr Oberleutnant's youthful mistress—the author wastes much of his psychology on her—remains pale and two-dimensional.

Honestly, haven't there been enough of these underground and occupation stories, all tarred with the same brush? The information which has come out of liberated countries should have furnished writers by now with material far less dramatic but far more poignant than most of them, this one included, manage to bring to life.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Keawe, in "The Bottle Imp," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
2. Linley, in "Two Bottles of Relish," by Lord Dunsany.
3. "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
4. Franklin Fletcher, in "Bottle Party," by John Collier.
5. Don Birnam, in "The Lost Week End," by Charles Jackson.
6. Martha Brewster, in "Arsenic and Old Lace," by Joseph Kesselring.
7. Aggie Pilkington, in "Tish," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.
8. Sarah Gamp, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Charles Dickens.
9. Doomdorf, in "The Doomdorf Mystery," by Melville Davisson Post.
10. David Merriman, in "Gemini," by G. B. Stern.



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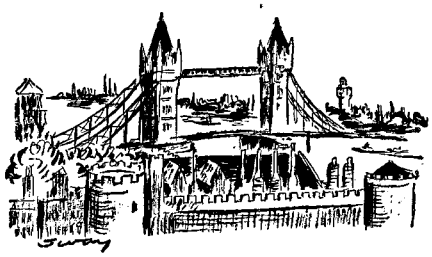
IN QUEST OF MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

(*Continued from page 6*)

a foreign civilization is insufficient for the purpose in question; you have to work in and on it. What is the difference? It is, in short, that, in the first instance, the patterns of the foreign civilization may be realized only as norms for the satisfaction of the natives' needs and desires; in the latter instance, the observer is compelled to satisfy his own needs and desires in compliance with the alien patterns which thereby gradually cease to be alien. In the first case, the reaction is merely cognitive, in the



second it affects the whole person. When considering Chinese art only as a means for the satisfaction of the esthetic desires of the Chinese, one may know a lot about it without understanding it. Only if esthetic elation is derived from its reception can it begin to be understood. The observer is then no longer a specialized expert, but a full-fledged denizen of at least one essential province of Chinese civilization.

It may be objected that even if this method were sound, it would confine the understanding of foreign civilizations within very narrow limits, since only an infinitesimal minority will ever have an opportunity of living and working in a foreign nation. This, of course, is true, and if lasting peace depended on universal mutual understanding, the situation would be quite hopeless. But mutual understanding can at best be achieved only gradually in the course of a historical process requiring generations, and the very nature of historical processes takes the sting out of this objection. The fact that Thomas Jefferson understood French civilization and that Alexis de Tocqueville later reciprocated from the French side was for a long time sufficient for serious misunderstandings to be avoided between the two nations. The same is true, indeed, of mutual understandings as of law, of scientific knowledge. If respect for the law required explicit knowledge of the law, most of us would be lawbreakers. And knowledge can only metaphorically be said to spread. What is usually called knowledge does not mean that more and more people know and understand the theories of science, but that more and more people comply in their daily conduct of life with the ready-made patterns of behavior introduced under the impact of scientific discoveries and inventions. That more people brush their teeth today than a century ago does not mean that knowledge of hygienics and antisepsis has spread, but only that brushing one's teeth has been included among the patterns of daily life. If only those who adequately understand the theory of functions or the Hertzian waves were able to handle a table of logarithms or a radio, the demand for such products would be negligible. In short, knowledge must be transformed into, or embodied in, almost automatically-working mechanisms before it can be conveyed by the process known as the spreading of knowledge.

The same certainly holds true for mutual understanding. Here, too, those whose training qualifies them as interpreters of foreign civilizations must transform their knowledge into patterns to be used even by those who do not themselves possess the necessary background for performing the required acts of understanding. The greater the number of those receiving this special training, the quicker the operational patterns will, of course, diffuse and gain influence on public opinion. But it is absurd in an era of specialists to envisage a state of affairs in which world peace would depend on practically everybody, or at least a majority, in every nation understanding all the relevant foreign civilizations. Just as for the prevention and cure of diseases we rely on doctors who work out patterns of behavior generally followed by people who wish to avoid illness without the patients being required to understand anything about biochemistry and dietetics, so the social disease of international misunderstanding and ensuing wars can only be prevented by specialists working out flexible patterns for understanding, to be disseminated in ready-for-use form through school and adult teaching, newspaper and radio propaganda, and all other means of education and enlightenment.

The special field of research and knowledge called upon to facilitate mutual understanding hardly exists as yet as a well-founded discipline. There are, of course, numbers of specialists for every province of native or foreign civilizations. There are even comparatists engaged in synoptic sur-

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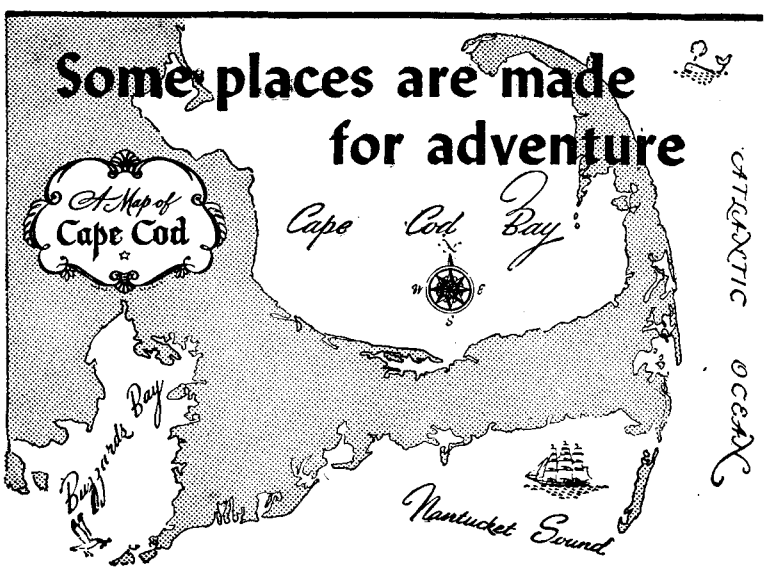
veys of various national literatures, or languages, or forms of government, or economic institutions. But the object of understanding required for the present task is neither any of the specialized provinces nor the sum total of all of them. The very fountainhead of civilization to which we might have to go back in order to understand every civilization as a particular specification of a general pattern can only be found on a level of generality higher than that reached by those piecemeal comparisons. Differences of inner structure, and of special function within the whole setup of a civilization, might, indeed, turn out to be more significant than the apparent similarities or dissimilarities observed between literature and literature, language and language, or politics and politics, considered isolatedly.

A NOTED historian of French literature recently pointed out that in French civilization ideas and facts originating in life and history must pass through a stage in literature before they can reach ultimate consecration. This striking observation evinces the preëminence of the esthetic factor in French civilization. French education, too, is largely determined by esthetic aims. In some areas of France farmers used to fence in their vegetable gardens with rose hedges, though they realized that this esthetic satisfaction was at the expense of smaller crops. In civilizations of a different type the religious, the political, the economic, or the intellectual factor, singly or in combinations, may exert the predominant function reserved in French civilization to the esthetic incentive. And in general it may be averred that the field prevailing in a civilization usually produces the outstanding achievements with which the respective nation is credited by history. Classic Greek and Roman civilizations, for instance, produced very similar forms of literature, the arts, and religion. Yet the relevance of each of these facets of civilization to the whole was entirely different in Rome from what it had been in Athens. If we remember Athens for its literature, art, and philosophy, the survival of Rome in the memory of mankind is rather due to its achievements in the fields of law and state administration and organization.

The special type of comparative studies to be carried out for the purpose of mutual understanding therefore ought not to be confined to isolated fields, but, if it is to yield the expected result, must embrace analogies and differences of structure and function rather than the relations of contents. Every civilization, indeed, is a complex system of patterns developed for the satisfaction of several equally essential human desires and needs. One or another of these desires may at definite points in time and space be more threatened with frustration than others and, therefore, require more work for the purpose of recovering, be it but precariously, a state of balance. Where and when the economic need—the balance of supply and demand—is jeopardized, economic work may drain almost the whole working capacity of a nation and epoch. Scholars born and living in such a milieu may easily be misled into assessing foreign civilizations on the basis of their native frame of reference and proclaiming pan-economicism as the universal means of understanding, with the effect of utterly failing to grasp the essence of cultures shaped by different dominants. Only if the intellectual leaders are able to emancipate themselves from the monopoly of their native intellectual reflexes, only if they succeed in regarding all foreign civilizations as road maps for the pursuit of happiness—which may be as practicable as their own, although of a different configuration and covering a very different territory—only if they build and walk the roads instead of merely mapping them out: only then will they be able to render the service of integrating through understanding, which our world, disintegrating through misunderstanding, expects from them.



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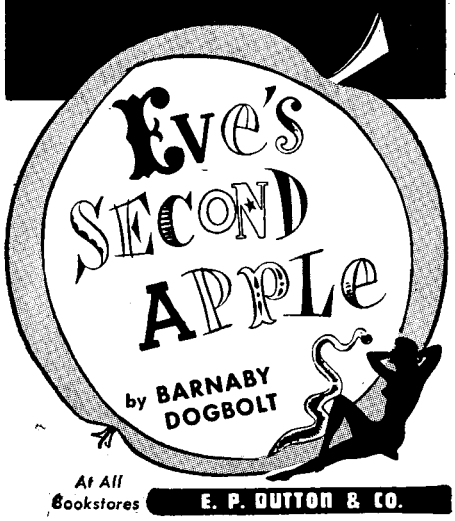

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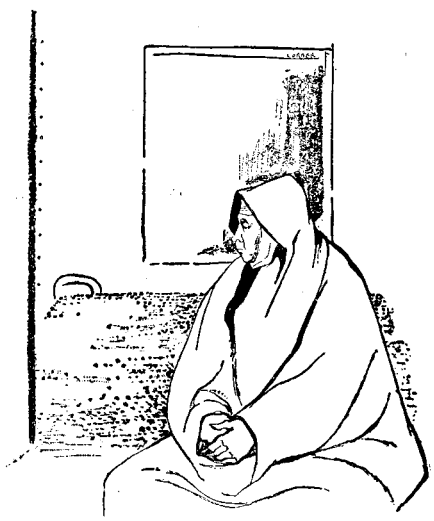
Not a Series of Explosions

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF CATHOLIC POETRY. Edited by Alfred Noyes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 432 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by
SR. M. MARGUERITE, R.S.M.

THIS reviewer approached the study of "The Golden Book of Catholic Poetry" somewhat skeptically. On the face of it, it looked all too much like the often repeated formula: "Here I am, a successful poet; my publishers want another



book; having none of my own, I'll lend the authenticity of my name and fame to a compilation; incidentally, I'll do a favor to some friends of mine who are struggling for recognition. Lo! another anthology is born!"

Acknowledgment of complete conversion, and deep apologies for the rash judgment even in thought, are hereby tendered. This is no stereotyped collection, including specimens which one would not dare omit for fear of violating tradition and the prevailing fashion. This is more like the personal and highly subjective collection you yourself have been making ever since your first days of poetry awareness. Alfred Noyes has included all your favorites, and all those you would have copied out long ago, had you known them.

It is the kind of book to hug to yourself as you go about your duties, hoping to get an odd minute here and there for an occasional dip. It is the kind of book to lug along for train or street-car journey, and trust to the special Guardian Angel of poetry readers that you won't go past your destination. It is, as the dust jacket says, a combination of "old favorites and much that will come to the reader with fresh surprise and delight."

Alfred Noyes has admirably fulfilled the plan which he traces in his preface:

> The principle of selection is as follows: the main body consists of poems by Catholics, roughly from the time of Chaucer to the present day. Translations are included only when they are in themselves fine poetry. There is a section of tributary poems by non-Catholics; but these have been included only when they embody some essentially Catholic idea. In the case of Catholics, I have felt freer to choose poems on any subject, since Catholicism naturally touches every side of human life.

But later, he calls specific attention to one of the poems in the section devoted to tributary poems by non-Catholics—Henry Adams's "The Virgin of Chartres." What he says of it is an indication not only of his evaluation of this particular poem, but of the discerning judgment he has used in all his selections:

> I believe it to be among the greatest, perhaps itself the greatest, in American literature. It is one of the most remarkable pieces of self-revelation in modern times: the work of an outwardly skeptical and sophisticated man, disillusioned by a long "education" in the realm of high politics and international affairs, acquainted with all the tendencies of modern materialistic thought; and it suddenly lays bare the profound hunger of a mind robbed of its spiritual heritage. The tremendous realization of all that has been lost in the realms of the spirit during the material progress of a mchanistic age is expressed with passionate conviction and driven home by the shattering contrast between the "Prayer to the Dynamo" and the lost prayers of Christendom. It is an expression of the modern mind, far in advance of the chaotic pseudo-modernism of our time. . . . Written a good many years ago, it actually anticipates the fearful hour when man would tear out the secret springs of the atom.

His discussion of this poem sends us back with renewed interest to the beginning of his preface, in which he speaks of Western culture as being, not a series of explosions, but a living, growing tree, an organic development, with roots deep in the past.

PUBLICATION date of John Dos Passos's "Tour of Duty," originally set for July 30, was postponed until August 20. Unfortunately the SRL failed to receive notification of this fact in time to make a change, with the result that its review regrettably appeared three weeks in advance.

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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
NEGRO FOLK SONGS. Lead Belly DISC # 660 (3)..... $5.25	*Excels all earlier albums in clarity and realism; most words are intelligible. Heavily recorded to reduce scratch ratio.	B—	A new album by the finest of all American folk singers. Too bad that these "excerpts" are so brief (3 or 4 to a side); this kind of music should never be cut short.
SCHUBERT, DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN. Lotte Lehmann; Paul Ulanowsky. Columbia M 615 (7) $7.75 (*Nos. 7, 11 Omitted*)	Remarkably improved technically over earlier Lehmann-Ulanowsky recording. Voice is more immediate, diction more clear, the Lehmann personality far more vivid. Mostly due to higher fidelity, lower scratch. Lehmann is still hard to catch at a mike.	A—	After years of thin ten-inch albums, Columbia at last has lumped most of a Schubert song cycle in one huge album of 12-inch records — proving the present Lehmann popularity. This work is one of her greatest interpretations; it packs a cumulative wallop, uncut, that is largely preserved here.

RECORD CHANGERS AND OTHER MATTERS

WELL, possibly I went too far in damning the automatic record changer (*SRL* August 10); it's here to stay, and I've no wish to be an old fogey. But, quite aside from the psychological difficulties I mentioned, the changer is an incredibly clumsy attempt to give continuity to canned music that could be easily achieved in a number of efficient ways—were it not for truly stupendous vested interests, both in record making equipment and in the priceless existing library of fine standard-type records (not to mention existing record players).

Yes, music on film, tape, or wire can give unlimited continuity. These systems, theoretically the most effective, are the least likely to replace our records. First and most simply because they must *replace*—not supplement—a new kind of phonograph player, plus a new library to compete directly with the old. The dismal progress of FM radio to date shows what happens to a clearly superior process which must *replace* rather than supplement existing equipment. And taped or filmed music takes up as much storage space as plain records, if not more; all these systems must be rewound—a nuisance—and all are inherently temperamental.

A more practical substitute for the changer, if not as effective, would be, I suggest, the sixteen-inch long-playing record. Impossible, I hear the manufacturers scream — long-playing records were tried and failed. But that was almost twenty years ago. Since then the sixteen-inch, slow-speed record has become standard in a thousand ways, in and out of broadcasting, and all of the necessary equipment is at hand, perfected.

The vital requirement, on the playing end, is a heavy, well-balanced, two-speed motor assembly, to play the slow speed records without wobble as well as the standard type. Thousands are sold every day to the "trade," if not to the public. Expensive, yes. But with reasonable mass production, *the two-speed assembly should cost no more additional than the price of a good changer*. With it, a single flexible, unbreakable record gives you a half hour of music, with only a single break.

The rest is a matter of recording, and the equipment and technique for making sixteen-inch records is ready at hand, tested by many years of experience. Replacement is at a minimum, for the new players can play the old records as well as the new.

Yet even so, this minimum change would involve a billion dollars' worth of vested interest—if not in actual manufacturing equipment, then in well established publicity routines. And so, unless someone stirs up a God-awful fight, you'll keep right on trying to patch your symphonies together from the familiar four-minute slices.

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the Phoenix Nest

NOON OF BLACKBERRIES

The noon of blackberries! Spider, spider brightly
Spinning, the dewy, dusky berries glow
Like some sultana's jewels, and I must go
To find them. Spider, spider, spinning lightly,
Lead me! And quick, my purple sash, Lizette,
My scarlet kerchief! And bring my brocatello
Shawl, and the carved cornelian set in yellow
Sapphire that was my wedding amulet.
And shut my little primrose wicket tightly,
Please! I'm away with the red-eyed vireo!
I'll dance to his piping the airy saltarello,
To his piping dance the witching minuet.

The spirit prostrates itself before the wonder
That is August. We walk through flowering spurge,
Through bergamot, its billowing purple surge
On purple surge as deafening as thunder.
The ferns come close to me, come close and lean
Against my knees like children tired of playing. . . .
Beware the hunter fly, Lizette! Once, preying
Through this woodland, he stole the copper sheen
From the hair of a gypsy girl! He wears his plunder
Upon his wings. . . .
Now summer bird-notes merge,
They merge in harmony, exquisite, matchless, fraying
Into August silence, profound, serene.

Yet August has her minstrels who exalt her;
A thousand whirling dervishes, "Zip, Zip!"
From timothy to timothy they skip.
A tiger lily serves at August's altar. . . .
To worship truly the heart must be elate,
Lizette, and mine is like a leaf, a merry
Dancing leaf! . . .
Through plum, through hazel, cherry
Brush we scramble, through the pasture gate. . . .
With violin, with tambourine, with psalter,
August, I have come. I press my lip
To your garment's hem. I kneel, I pick a berry,
Two . . . and three, another . . . seven, eight!

Beneath an August noon there is no sorrow,
Only remembered song. The August sky
Is like a gold and purple butterfly,
Wide wings outspreading. . . .
A bear has come to borrow,
Has come to borrow blackberries, does he say?
You're welcome, Bear! And call the birds from stubble,
Meadow, thicket! Dance, Bear, the Rainbow Bubble,
And sing, Birds. Dance and sing a Roundelay
Of Blackberries! . . .
Come, our bucket's full. Tomorrow
We will put them up, Lizette. Goodbye,
Dear Bear, sweet birds! . . .
I'll put a tiny double
Ruffle upon my berry shelf today.

NELL MABEY.

* * *

Many people have been deeply concerned about the pronunciation of Gallipolis that was used in the recent rash rhyming contest in these columns. I thank all who have sent enlightening contributions on the subject, but have room to print only one. It is from the famous Ted Robinson, columnist of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, written from Provincetown:

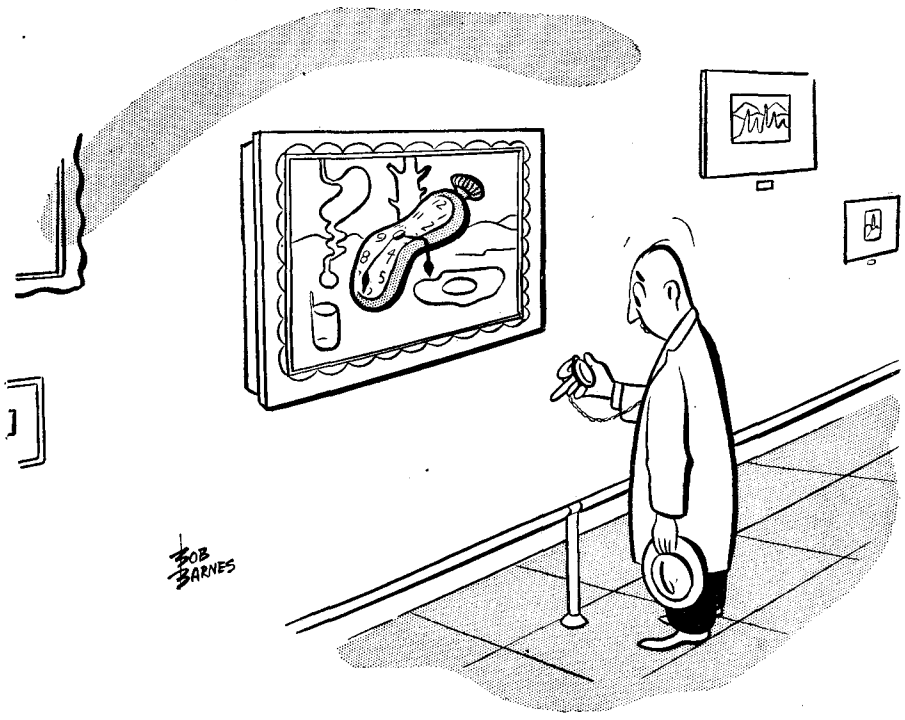
> In spite of the cloture you have put upon the erysipelas debate, I cannot think that you will allow egregious errors to go uncorrected.
>
> Mr. Walter Penney of Washington, D. C. has aroused the indignation and incurred the scorn of all Ohio citizens by rhyming "Gallipolis" with "erysipelas." The town was not so accented by its French founders and christeners, nor by their descendants nor any Buckeyes to this day.
>
> Furthermore, if we allow it to be so pronounced, we rob the language of one of its few quadruple rhymes. "Gallipolis" has its primary accent on the last syllable, and its secondary accent on the first. And so it rhymes with "alley-police."

We are all familiar with the rhyme for "porringer" relating to Mary, the daughter of James II, "and gave the Prince of Orange her," but Laurence E. Neville of Special Broadcast Services, station WLW, in Cincinnati (also Ohio) proffers this:

> If your verse ends with orange
> Don't "throw in the sporange";
> Just let it get oranger,
> And try it with porringer.

* * *

A poor boy today can read much of the world's best with very little trouble. Aside from free public libraries he can build himself a library of the world's best from second-hand bookstores and the pocket-books found in drugstores and subways (eschewing most of the murder mysteries, of course). I was just glancing into Saintsbury's "Marlborough," which I picked up second-hand for ten cents.



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A good many books in a reference library I have, have cost little. If the tendency of a youngster's mind is toward good writing and he or she is really interested in books and cultivates the ability to choose, it is amazing how soon the books worth reading accumulate. Volumes in the old Bohn's Libraries, if you want the classics, can be found on dusty counters, sometimes, for very little; so can the Chandos Classics. They may be odd volumes, but even odd volumes of the selected best are worth reading. And one book leads you to hunt for another. The great thing is to get a book appetite started. Though, says my alter ego, looking over my shoulder, what a perilous thing that is, to be sure! Look at all the books with which you have surrounded yourself, and where has it got you?

* * *

I have letters for Eleanor Alletta Chaffee and for Walter Penney, and if they will kindly send me their addresses I will forward the letters.

* * *

HOT OFF THE PRESS

It's certainly no mystery
Why novels based on history
Have such enormous sales.
What hosts of folk who kiss and clip
Relieve the sober scholarship
Of these pretentious tales!

Yes, Chaucer's "books in black or red"
Are tinged with amber, now, instead,
And history is made in bed
By such a wealth of lovers,
The reading world has seldom seen
Such rowdy goings-on between
A single pair of covers.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY.

. . . . Nor is Hecate County devoid of same, wherever that may be.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 647)

WILLIAM S. GILBERT:
PRINCESS IDA

Go, mocking *Is!*
Go, disappointing *Was!*

. . . . . .

Oh, weak *Might Be!*
Oh, *May, Might, Could, Would, Should!*
How powerless ye
For evil or for good!

. . . . . .

Ye are Imperfect, all!
Ye have deceived the trust I've shown
In ye!
Away! The mighty *Must* alone
Shall be!

PERSONALS

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(*Continued on page 34*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 648

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

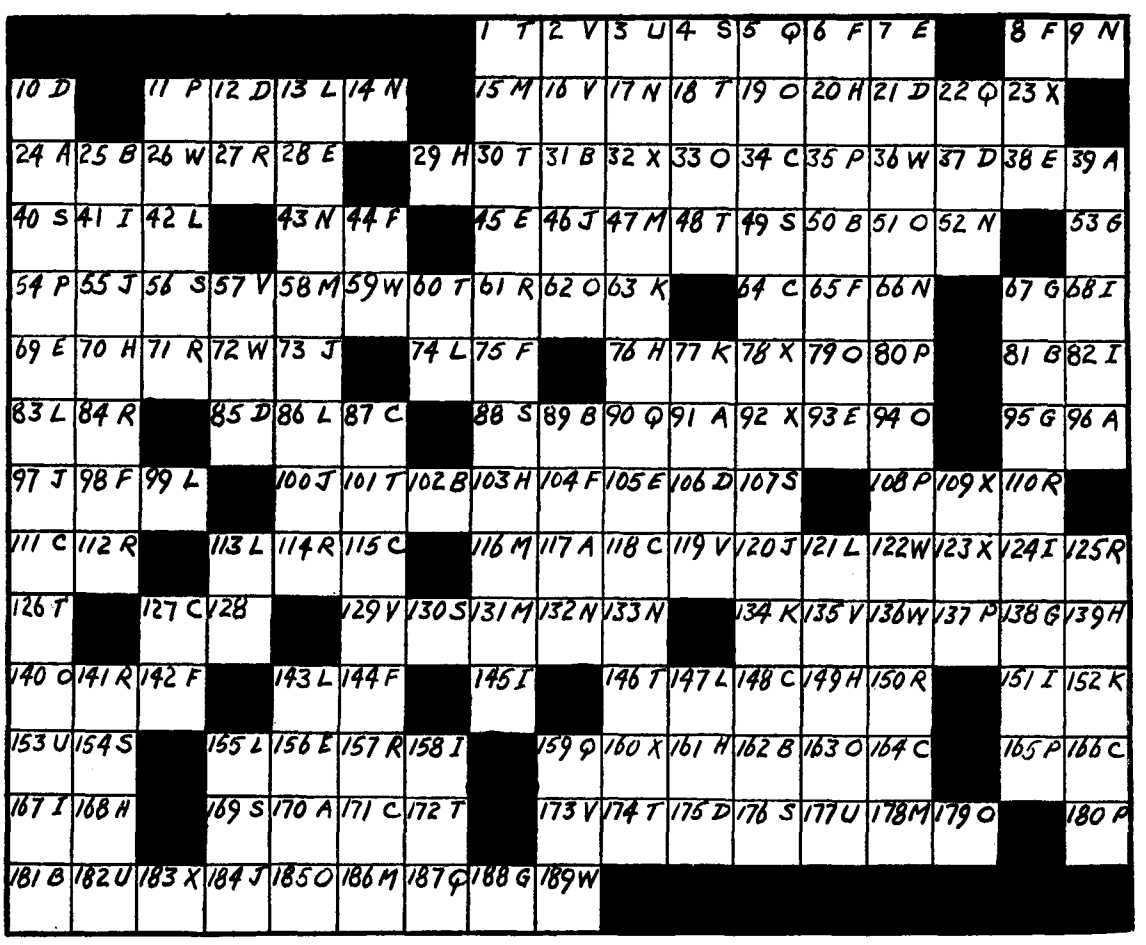
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To disappear.	170 96 117 133 91 39 24
B. Divine impartation of knowledge or power.	31 81 162 181 89 50 25 102
C. Existing for the sake of something else.	166 87 64 148 171 127 111 115 164 118 34
D. Cape in N.W. Spain.	12 37 85 10 175 21 106
E. "Cliff" of black volcanic glass in Yellowstone Park, 7350 ft.	156 105 7 69 45 38 93 28
F. *Incineration.*	8 142 6 65 98 75 144 104 44
G. Australian statesman, special envoy to U.S., 1942 (1894-).	95 53 67 138 188
H. English round folk dance for eight, now being revived.	168 139 76 29 149 103 20 70 161
I. "Laughter," foolish or incessant.	145 68 151 158 82 41 167 124
J. To adorn, esp. in an overnice way.	100 55 97 184 120 45 128 73
K. Serving to inspire fear, as of ghosts.	134 152 77 63
L. A measurement of books by the number of lines they contain.	13 113 143 42 86 83 155 121 74 147 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Characterized by resemblance to other forms, applied to crystals (Mineral.)	116 15 131 47 58 178 186
N. Pertaining to the loss of a short, unaccented vowel at the beginning of a word.	132 17 9 66 14 43 52
O. Pertaining to the theory that nature worship was the earliest religion.	140 33 94 163 19 185 79 62 51 179
P. Trials to subdue, overcome, or take by force.	108 165 35 54 11 180 80 137
Q. Region in N.E. Africa now included in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Egypt.	22 159 90 187 5
R. Pertaining to one affected with partial color blindness.	110 61 141 114 157 112 84 27 150 71 125
S. Biblical patriarch in a Shavian title.	169 49 40 88 130 56 107 154 176 4
T. Founder of Georgia, U.S.A.	101 146 60 126 48 30 18 174 1 172
U. *Title given to some native rulers of India (meaning prince).*	3 182 177 153
V. English mariner, character in "Westward Ho!"	173 135 2 119 129 57 16
W. Excess; **redundancy.**	122 136 26 59 36 72 189
X. Marks with narrow bands or lines.	160 92 32 109 123 23 78 183

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 33 of this issue.

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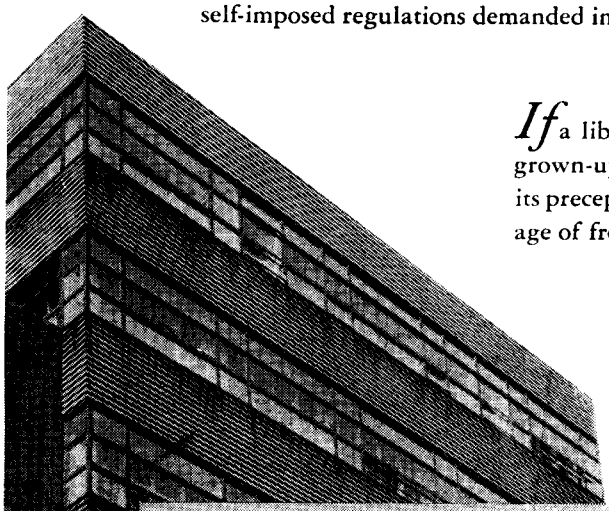
The People vs. Nuclear Fission

The unprecedented situation created by science and technology in the development of the atomic bomb is the perfect proof that a liberal education is necessary to a democratic order. Unless democracy is equal to the task now presented to it by science, humanity confronts disaster. There is little in previous experience to encourage the belief that without a searching readjustment of the established order of things democracy can perform its task. But the very gravity imparted to the present moment by this new development may sufficiently jolt democracy from its lethargy. Only an adequately educated democracy will know how to place atomic energy at the disposal of all, rather than allow it to become the subject of monopoly, and how to submit to the self-imposed regulations demanded in a free society.



If a liberal education is widely extended, especially to grown-up, responsible men and women, they will follow its precepts and through science and democracy create that age of freedom which has always been the human dream.

Bryn J. Hovde

BRYN J. HOVDE
President of The New School

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